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NURSERY SONGS

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THE

MOTHER'S

NURSERY SONGS.

BY THOMAS HASTINGS.

A NEW EDITION REVISED AND ENLARGED.

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THOMAS B. SMITH,
MUSIC TYPOGRAPHER & STEREOTYPER,
216 WILLIAM STREET, N. Y.

PREFACE.

The author of the following pages was one day conversing with a lady of some distinction, relative to the importance of teaching young children to sing, when a question arose—whether anything could be done by the mother in this respect, during the period of the early infancy of her offspring? This inquiry, with the discussion that ensued, gave rise to the present publication.

Great originality will hardly be expected in such a work as this: yet many of the materials here presented have not elsewhere appeared. A few extracts have been furnished from the writings of Jane Taylor. And for several of the other little poems, the author is happy to acknowledge his obligations to literary friends, among whom are the Rev. James Alexander, D.D., of this city, Mrs. Sigourney, of Hartford, Connecticut, and Mrs. Brown, of Munson, Massachusetts.

The object of the work, as will be readily inferred from its special characteristics, is to aid mothers in attuning the voices of their infant offspring, and inspiring them with the love of vocal music.

INTRODUCTION.

The fact that so large a portion of the present generation are unable to sing, is not to be attributed to physical deficiences, but to unfortunate circumstances in the history of early education. In countries where music is continually taught in the primary schools, the children, as a matter of course, all learn to sing: and the same experiment, wherever it has been tried in our own country, has led to the same happy results. This circumstance alone shows the importance of early cultivation. If music is neglected till years of maturity, it will, in the majority of instances, continue to be disregarded through life. Infancy is undoubtedly the most favorable period for commencing the work. The foundation must be laid then if distinguished excellence is ever afterwards to be attained.

Adults, with voices of the most unpromising character imaginable, have sometimes, it is true, been taught to sing. The thing in its nature is not impracticable, but it is very difficult. It requires time and labor and perseverance, such as few, comparatively, are found to possess. But with young children the task is neither difficult nor laborious. The principle chiefly employed in forming the voice is imitation. The child, under favorable circumstances, acquires the management of its voice in song, just as it acquires it in speech. In both cases it is the imitative pupil of its mother or nurse. Mothers should think of this, and not neglect to stir up the musical gift that is within themselves. Though that gift should be small it might at least suffice to initiate the listening ones in the practice of an important art which would afterwards be more successfully prosecuted.

One who wishes to acquire practical skill as a player on a musical instrument, must of necessity begin by drawing forth such tones or executing such passages, as can be mastered with the greatest facility; deferring such as are more difficult to a later period of cultivation. For all the purposes of vocal training, the mother may regard her infant child as such an instrument, not doubting but perseverance will accomplish the desired object.

There is a special season in infancy when children are full of mimicry. Then, a great portion of their daily employment, while in perfect health, is like that of the

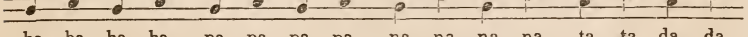
mocking-bird, to be imitating every pleasant sound that falls within their hearing. Their earliest efforts in this respect will necessarily be rude, but, by constant practice, their talent is found to improve; while, at the same time they acquire an increasing fondness for the exercise. Does not nature evidently point out this period as the precise time for making musical impressions upon the child that will be strong and indelible?

Let no one suppose that the voice is necessarily injured by early cultivation. If the little one is not induced to sing too much or too loud for its general health, there will be nothing to fear. Its voice will improve much in proportion to its practice; and when, in subsequent years, it becomes for a little period broken and discordant, it will in due time be easily restored. Every child, sooner or later, must pass through such a change, as the unavoidable result of physical changes in the structure or conformation of its organs. Daily, moderate practice will be the obvious and certain remedy.

Previous to the period of infantile mimicry above mentioned, the affectionate mother will often have been soothing her child with the voice of song. When that period arrives, let her continue the practice in melodies as simple as those in Part First of this work. And as the child begins in the smallest degree to play the mimic, let her in turn become the imitator, so far as to seize upon every note which has resemblance to music, and thus encourage the child to repeat its efforts. The mother may thus gradually draw out and form its voice for music, just as she teaches it the articulations of the native tongue. The latter process she well understands. She begins with the simplest syllables only, and as she proceeds with those that are more difficult, the exercise is carefully adapted to the gradual progress of the child. Nothing is forced. Every thing is made pleasant and amusing to the little pupil: and the mother at every step is so amply rewarded for her assiduity, as to feel that her labor is but another name for delightful recreation.

The same course in reference to singing would be rewarded with the same success. Though the mother should be quite ignorant of the simplest principles of the science, her skill in minstrelsy would suffice for the work immediately before her. Let her also frame some simple clauses of melody, that are very similar to those she notices in the mimicry of her child, gradually heightening their character as the child improves its vocal powers. All these exercises perhaps will be inarticulate; and in some cases the child will make more rapid progress in song than in speech.

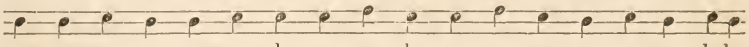
Of all the articulations that fall from the unpractised lips of infancy, the first and perhaps the sweetest that ever greet the maternal ear, are those of *ba*, *pa*, *na*, *ma*, *ta*, *da*, followed afterwards by their compounds *papa*, *mama*, &c. The mother should not fail to set them to music in some such clauses as these that follow:



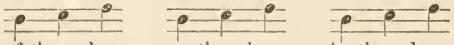
ba, ba, ba, ba, pa, pa, pa, pa, na, na, na, na, ta, ta, da, da.

A considerable portion of time, it is true, may elapse, before such clauses as these will be fully understood; and the child perhaps will incline to substitute other clauses in their place, and thus become its own composer. The only important point here, is to see that its tones are rendered musical.

In process of time let the musical passages be augmented somewhat after the following method, observing to sing them in a guttural and not in a nasal manner:



pa mama, pa mama, da na na, da na na, mama, papa, dada.



father dear, mother dear, brother dear.

The process from such passages as these, to such as constitute the first and second lullabys of this collection will be easy; and thenceforward less skill in adaptation will be required.

The preceding directions may suffice for the object before us; if followed with perseverance the child will begin to sing long before it is old enough to understand the rules of the art; and this, much to its own amusement and to the gratification of its affectionate parents. Some may doubt the practicability of the course here recommended; but certainly it is an easy one. Let them be persuaded to try it faithfully and perseveringly, and the author will consent to be responsible for their success.

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RUDIMENTS OF NOTATION.

A FEW hints on the subject of Notation may, to great advantage, be early communicated to the juvenile mind, in connection with the simplest practical exercises.

I.

THE OCTAVE WITH FRAGMENTARY PORTIONS, &c.

First. Let the pupils be taught to sing orally the steps or intervals of the ascending and descending octave:

ASCENDING—*Do, re, mi, faw, sol, la, si, do.*
DESCENDING—*Do, si, la, sol, faw, mi, re, do.*

Second. Let fragments of the octave ascending and descending, be reduced to practice in the same manner:*

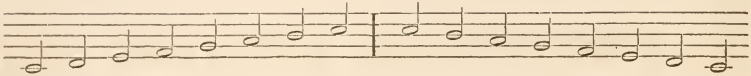
ASCENDING.	DESCENDING.
do, re—	re, do.
do, re, mi—	mi, re, do.
do, re, mi, faw—	faw, mi, re, do.
do, re, mi, faw, sol—	sol, faw, mi, re, do.
do, re, mi, faw, sol, la—	la, sol, faw, mi, re, do.

DESCENDING.	ASCENDING.
do, si—	si, do.
do, si, la—	la, si, do.
do, si, la, sol—	sol, la, si, do.
do, si, la, sol, faw—	faw, sol, la, si, do.
do, si, la, sol, faw, mi—	mi, faw, sol, la, si, do.

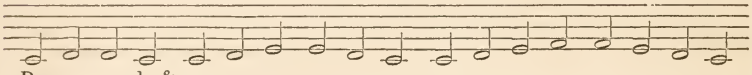
* In some cases when the voice is imperfectly developed, it will be better to commence at first with the fragments.

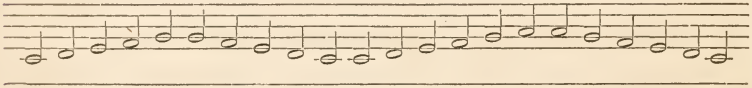
Third. When the pupils are thus made familiar with the sounds and syllables, they will be easily taught to sing them upon the staff.

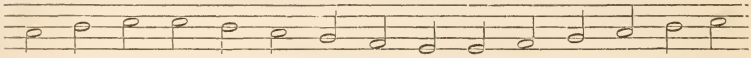
THE OCTAVE.



FRAGMENTS.







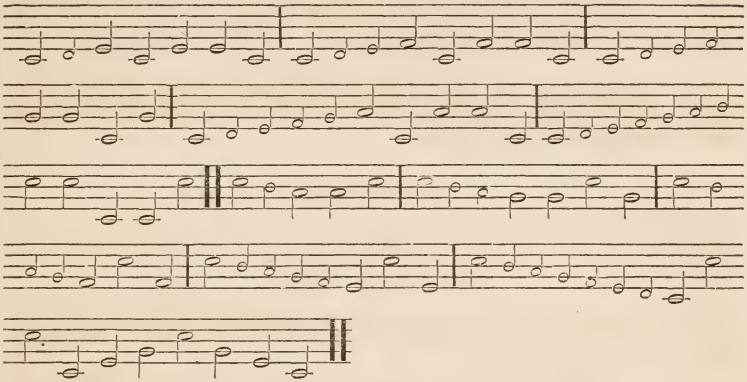
As the octave is movable, we might with equal propriety have commenced these exercises on some other place in the staff, while the reading, comparatively speaking, would have been the same; *i. e*, *re* would have been found one degree above *do*, and *mi* one degree above *re*, &c.

Fourth. The intervals thus far in the exercises have been gradual; but we have in the next place to deal with skips. This is done orally, by sounding the intermediate degrees lightly, and afterwards omitting them; thus,—

DO, re, MI—DO—MI.
DO, re, mi, FAW—DO—FAW.
DO, re, mi, faw, SOL—DO—SOL, &c.

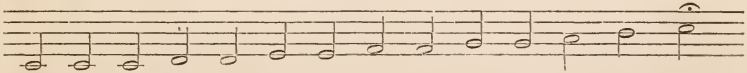
or the thing may be accomplished in connection with written characters; the small notes at first to be sung, and afterwards omitted; thus,—

SKIPS MEASURED BY DEGREES.



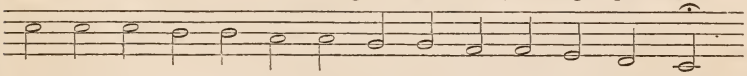
Fifth. The preceding clauses, when musically arranged, will form distinct melodies, which may now be easily read:

1. Do you to oth - ers as you would That they should do to you;

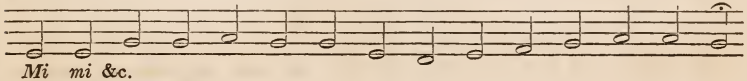


Do do do re re &c.

What - e'er is hon - est, just and good, With all your might pur - sue.

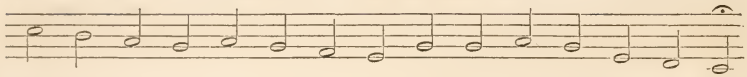


2. Let us raise the in - fant cho - rus To our Fa - ther in the skies;



Mi mi &c.

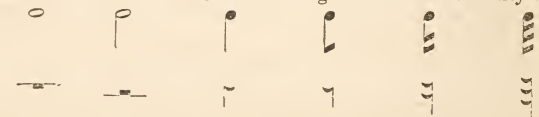
Who so kind - ly watches o'er us And our ev - ery want sup - plies.



Sixth. The pupils may also learn to number the intervals; thus, *do*, is one; *re*, is two, &c. Or to count them upon the staff, as in the second of the above melodies, which commences, 3 3 5 5 6 5 5 3, &c.

II.

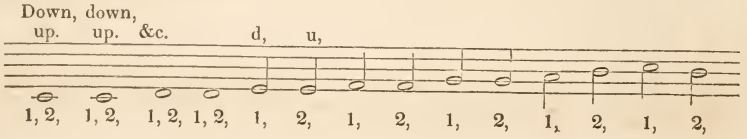
NOTES AND RESTS.

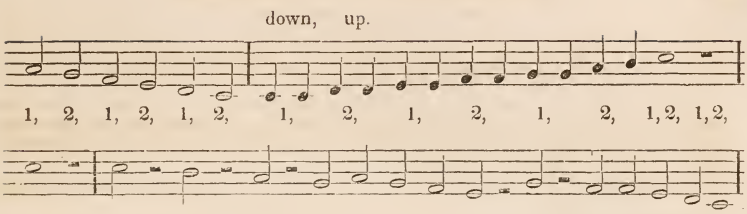
Of notes as marks of sound and of rests as marks of silence, there are six kinds in common use, consisting of open and closed heads, and hooks and stems, which the pupils may readily learn to describe.

The whole note is an open head; the half-note is an open head with a stem, &c. The whole rest is a square closed head below the line; the half-rest is a square closed head above the line, &c.

Practical Lessons.

1st. Apply two beats to each whole note, one to each half-note; while two quarter notes are taken to a beat.

Down, down,
up. up. &c. d, u,





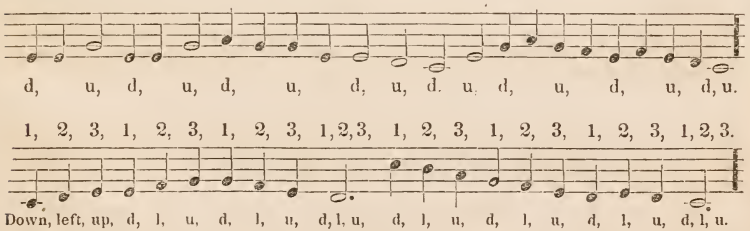
2d. Exercises of a simpler kind may easily be framed by the teacher, if these are too difficult. Beating also should occasionally be performed by audible counting, instead of singing, thus:

down, up, d, u, d, u, d, u, &c.
1, 2, 1, 2, 1, 2, 1, 2.

down, left, up, down, left, up, &c.
1, 2, 3, 1, 2, 3.

down, left, right, up, down, left, right, up, &c.
1, 2, 3, 4, 1, 2, 3, 4.

The following melodies after a little preparatory practice may be sung with beating; the down beat always having the accent.

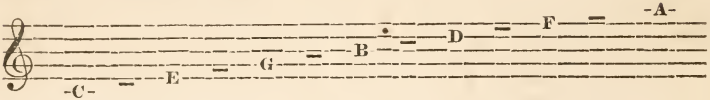


More extended exercises and perhaps some which are still simpler may be found in the current manuals of instruction. Almost every thing in the case of children will depend on the *amount* of well-directed practice.

III.

OF THE TRANSPOSITIONS OF THE SCALE.

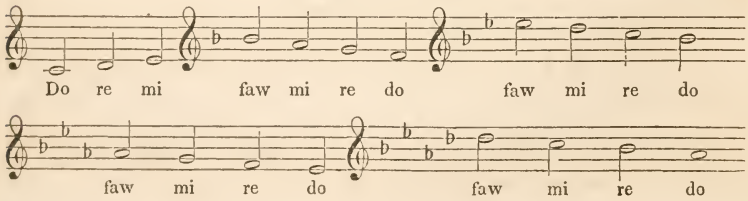
On the subject of transpositions our limits compel us to be very brief. Five lines with their spaces form a staff; the degrees of which are named from the first seven letters of the alphabet. That staff which is used for the highest voices, is furnished with this character 𝄞 called the G clef. The staff which is used for bass is supplied with the F clef 𝄢.

The treble staff is thus named:

When no special indications are given to the contrary, the octave commences upon C of this staff, precisely as in the foregoing exercises. The indications of removal are *flats*, *sharps* and *naturals*.

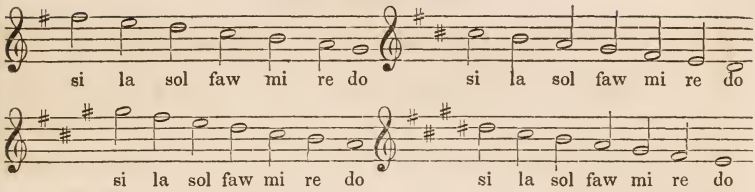
Flat.	Sharp.	Natural.
♭	♯	♮

Of the order of these indications it may be sufficient to say, that the flat is inserted on the place where faw as a governing note is transposed; and that the sharp performs a similar office with respect to the syllable si; while the natural is occasionally used to mark the discontinuance of some such indication.

EXAMPLES BY FLATS.



EXAMPLES BY SHARPS.

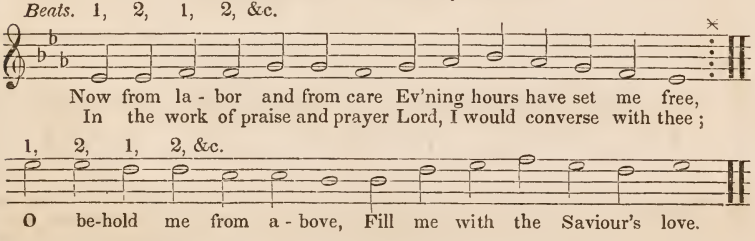


From these examples it appears that when there is more than one flat or sharp at the clef, the last one governs the syllables; and it is needful only for the children to say that the flat or the last flat governs *faw;* while the sharp or the last sharp governs *si*. The order of insertion is always the same,—that is, the first flat always occurs on B, the second flat on E, &c., as above seen. Flats and sharps thus used at the clefs are called the *signature.* The following table may conveniently be committed to memory:

In the signature of 1 Flat, Do is in F.	In the signature of 1 Sharp, Do is in G.
" " " 2 Flats, do " B♭	" " " 2 Sharps, do " D.
" " " 3 Flats, do " E♭	" " " 3 Sharps, do " A.
" " " 4 Flats, do " A♭	" " " 4 Sharps, do " E.

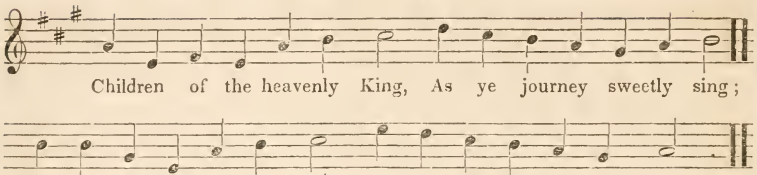
The following melodies will now be easily read, by ascertaining the appropriate syllables, the power of which, relatively speaking, is always the same.

TWILIGHT. *Do on the first line.*


Beats. 1, 2, 1, 2, &c.
Now from la - bor and from care Ev'ning hours have set me free,
In the work of praise and prayer Lord, I would converse with thee;
1, 2, 1, 2, &c.
O be-hold me from a - bove, Fill me with the Saviour's love.

* The repeat requires a simple repetition of the preceding music.

THE PILGRIMAGE.


Children of the heavenly King, As ye journey sweetly sing;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise, Glorious in his works and ways.

When flats, sharps or naturals occur in the midst of a movement, they are termed accidentals. At the clef they form what is termed the *signature*. Flats depress a note the value of half a tone; sharps require a similar elevation. It is well to change the orthography of the syllables in such cases. When a note is to be depressed, let it be so altered as to rhyme with the syllable *lay;* thus *do* will become *day*, *law* will become *lay*, &c. When a note is to be elevated, let the syllable be made to rhyme with *mi*; thus *faw* will become *fi*, *sol* will become *si*, &c. Naturals in this connection sometimes require the one and sometimes the other alteration, according as they require an elevation or depression of the note.

IV.

TIME IN REGARD TO MEASURE.

Tunes are variously divided by the single bar into small equal portions called measures.

The time of the measures is indicated by two large figures placed, the one over the other, at the clef. The upper figure gives the number of beats in a measure, while the under one shows what kind of note; whether a half-note, a quarter or an eighth note is taken at a beat.

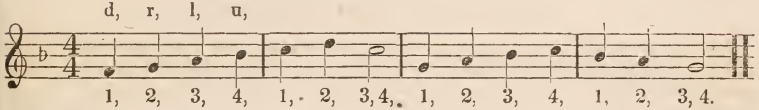
Beats in a measure.	4	2	2	3	3	3	6	6
What kind of note to a beat.	4	2	4	2	4	8	4	8

In this example the 4, the 2, and the 3 in the upper row, indicate uniformly the same corresponding number of beats; though the 6's when the movement is quick sometimes employ but two beats, counting 1, 2, 3, at each motion; thus:

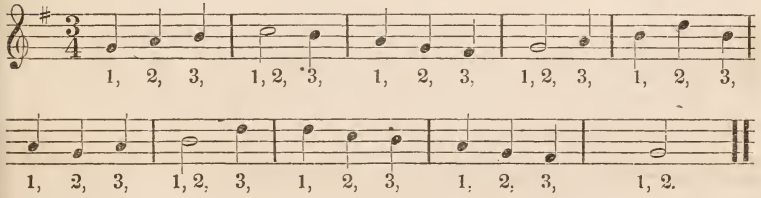
down. up.
1, 2, 3, 1, 2, 3.

The 2 and the 4 and the 8 in the under row, signify a half-note, a quarter-note and eighth-note to a beat. The principal accent falls upon the first note of a measure, which uniformly employs the down beat.

EXERCISES. No. 1. *Do* on F.



No. 2. *Do* on G.



V.

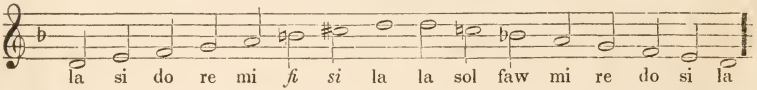
REMAINING CHARACTERS.

The remaining characters may be best described to the juvenile mind, as they severally occur in practice. We shall therefore merely name them in the present connection. They are the *Brace*, the *Double-bar*, the *Repeat*, the *Close*, the *Pause*, the *Figure Three*, the *Dot of Addition*, *Choosing Notes*, *Marks of Distinction*, *Slur*, *Crescendo*, *Diminuendo*, *Swell*, *Appoggiatures*, and *After-notes*.

VI.

MAJOR AND MINOR SCALES.

Scales have reference chiefly to the distinction between tones and semitones. The semitones occur between the syllables *mi* and *faw;* and *si* and *do*. The octave hitherto commencing with *do*, has been exclusively in the scale which is called major. When it commences with *la*, as in the following example, the scale is said to be minor; but the syllables still have their accustomed power.

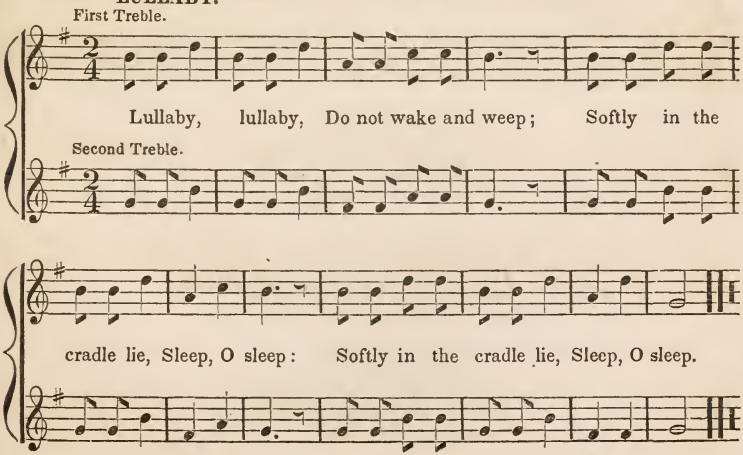
OCTAVE IN THE MINOR SCALE.

We need not enlarge on the subject of the rudiments. More has already been presented, we presume, than will generally be needed. A few hints well reduced to practice, however, may be of incalculable benefit to the juvenile mind.

PART FIRST.

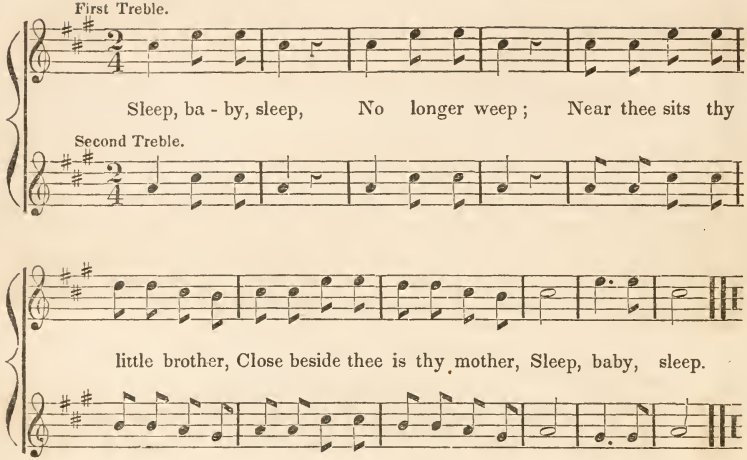
THE CRADLE.

As the songs under this head will be employed by the mother, chiefly in soothing her infant to sleep, or in mitigating its sufferings in hours of sickness or distress, it seems not necessary that *all the language* should be adapted to the infantile capacity. It may suffice that the words contain certain easy syllables or phrases, which, by their perpetual recurrence, make strong impressions upon the ear of the child. The exercise of singing should, however, be so managed as to afford pleasure to the child: for otherwise its taste will be injured.

LULLABY.


First Treble.
Lullaby, lullaby, Do not wake and weep; Softly in the
Second Treble.
cradle lie, Sleep, O sleep: Softly in the cradle lie, Sleep, O sleep.

SLEEP, BABY, SLEEP.

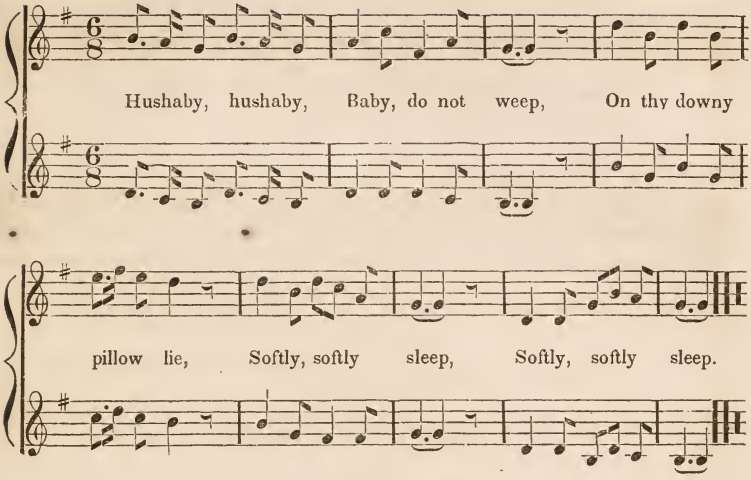

First Treble.
Sleep, ba - by, sleep, No longer weep; Near thee sits thy
Second Treble.
little brother, Close beside thee is thy mother, Sleep, baby, sleep.

Sleep, baby, sleep,
No longer weep;
Near thee sits thy little brother,
Close beside thee is thy mother,
Sleep, baby, sleep.

Sleep, baby, sleep,
No longer weep;
Israel's Shepherd watches o'er thee;
No rude danger lies before thee,
Sleep, baby, sleep.

Sleep, baby, sleep,
No longer weep;
Germ of beauty, bud and blossom,
Rest upon thy Saviour's bosom,
Sleep, baby, sleep.

HUSHABY.

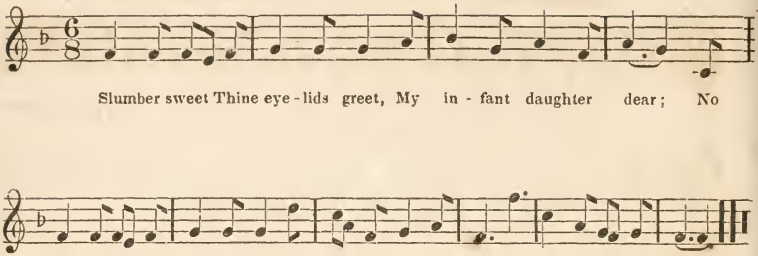


Hushaby, hushaby,
Baby, do not weep,
On thy downy pillow lie,
Softly, softly sleep.

Hushaby, hushaby,
Now thine eyelids close;
While thy mother sitting nigh,
Watches thy repose.

Hushaby, hushaby,
Slumber sweet be giv'n;
On thy downy pillow lie,
Precious gift from heav'n!

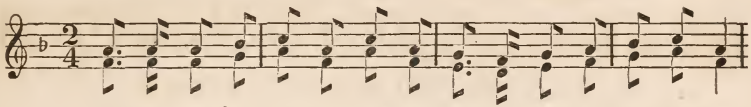
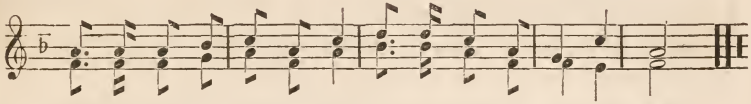
SLUMBER SWEET.


Slumber sweet Thine eye-lids greet, My in-fant daughter dear; No
footstep rude Shall here intrude, Nor stranger shall come near, Nor stranger shall come near.

Slumber sweet
Thine eyelids greet,
My infant daughter dear:
No footstep rude
Shall here intrude,
Nor stranger shall come near.

Slumber sweet
Thine eyelids greet
Within thy mother's arms;
She little tells
How feeling steals
O'er all thy rising charms.

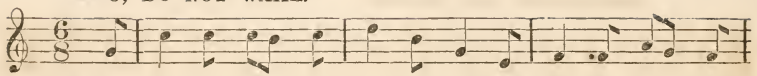
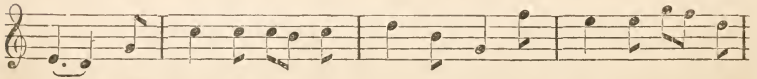
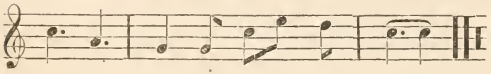
Slumber sweet
Thine eyelids greet,
And gentle dreams be thine;
To thee be giv'n
The bliss of heav'n,
Where cherub angels shine.

SOFTLY IN THE CRADLE.



Softly in the cradle lie,
Thy father's hope, thy mother's joy;
Sweetly rest in balmy sleep,
Do not wake to sigh and weep.

Softly in the cradle lie;
A mother's heart thy wants supply;
She can rest if thou repose,
Sweetly then thine eyelids close.

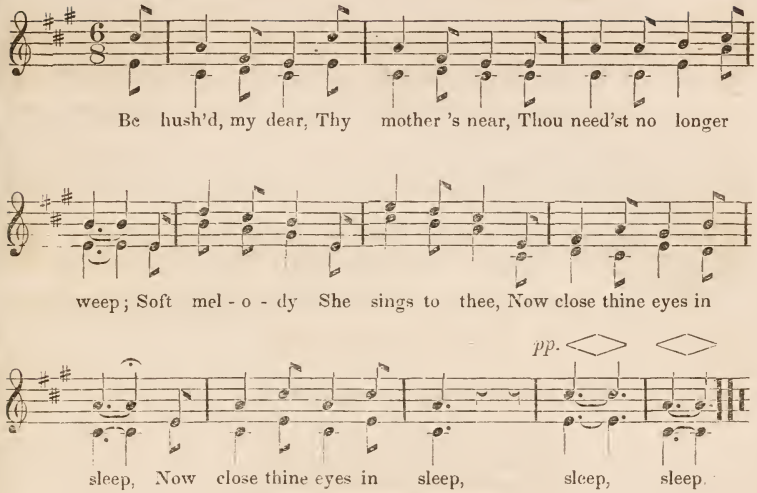
Softly in the cradle lie,
Frail bud of immortality;
Soon thy blossom may unfold
Fragrant 'mid the harps of gold.

O, DO NOT WAKE.

O, do not wake, sweet little one,
The night is dark and drear;
All that a mother could have done,
Has been perform'd with care.

The pillow 's soft on which you rest,
And sweetly you have fed;
Still lean upon your mother's breast
Your weary little head.

O, do not wake, sweet little one,
Nor tremble with alarm;
The Hand unseen you live upon
Preserves you still from harm.

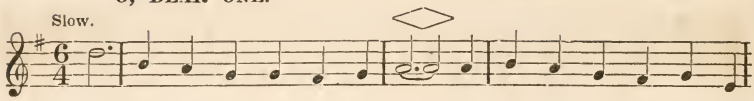
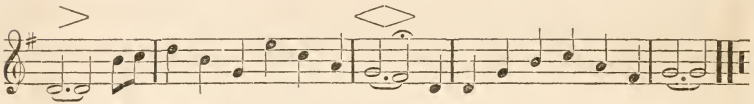
BE HUSH'D.


Be hush'd, my dear, Thy mother 's near, Thou need'st no longer
weep; Soft mel - o - dy She sings to thee, Now close thine eyes in
pp.
sleep, Now close thine eyes in sleep, sleep, sleep.

Be hush'd, my dear,
Dry every tear,
In sweetest quiet keep;
O weep not so
O'er infant woe,
But close thine eyes in sleep.

Be hush'd, my dear,
No thought of fear
Should break thy slumbers deep;
Angels above,
With wings of love,
Their vigils near thee keep.

O, DEAR ONE.



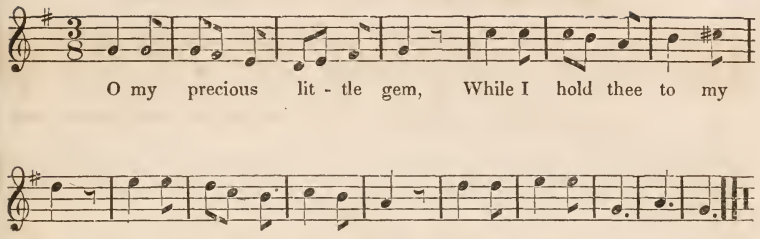
FOR A CHILD DANGEROUSLY ILL.

O dear one, how sad is that moan,
How languid and sickly that eye;
My bosom responds to each groan,
And echoes each deep-breathing sigh.

Those flutt'ring pulsations I trace,
The anguish that sits on thy brow,
The paleness that covers thy face,
Thy voice that is languid and low.

O dear one, how deep is the grief,
That withers my desolate heart;
Kind Heav'n bring thee speedy relief,
Or thou from thy mother wilt part.

O MY PRECIOUS LITTLE GEM.



FOR A FATHERLESS CHILD.

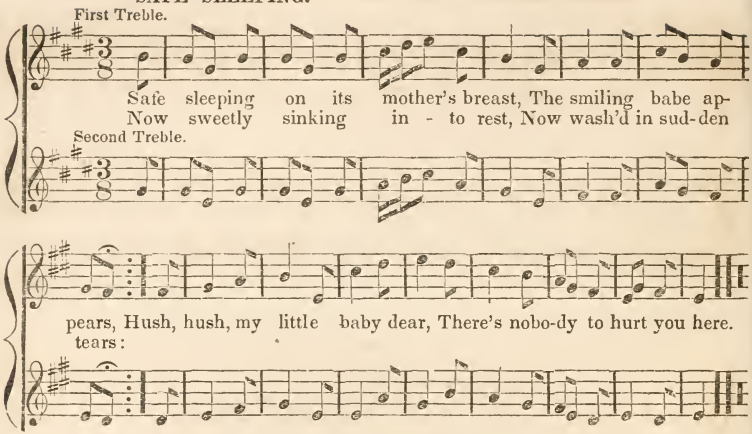
O my precious little gem,
While I hold thee to my breast,
May some heav'n inspiring dream
Soothe thy spirit into rest.

But thy mother's heart is riv'n,
Bitter anguish she must feel;
Nothing but the balm of heav'n
Can her wounded spirit heal.

Dark the night and dread the hour
When thy father lay so low;
When he felt the monster's pow'r,
Who could tell thy mother's woe!

But thou, image of his love,
May'st in heav'n thy father see;
Ere his spirit soar'd above
'Twas his latest prayer for thee.

SAFE SLEEPING.


First Treble.
Safe sleeping on its mother's breast, The smiling babe ap-
Now sweetly sinking in - to rest, Now wash'd in sud-den
Second Treble.
pears, Hush, hush, my little baby dear, There's nobo-dy to hurt you here.
tears:

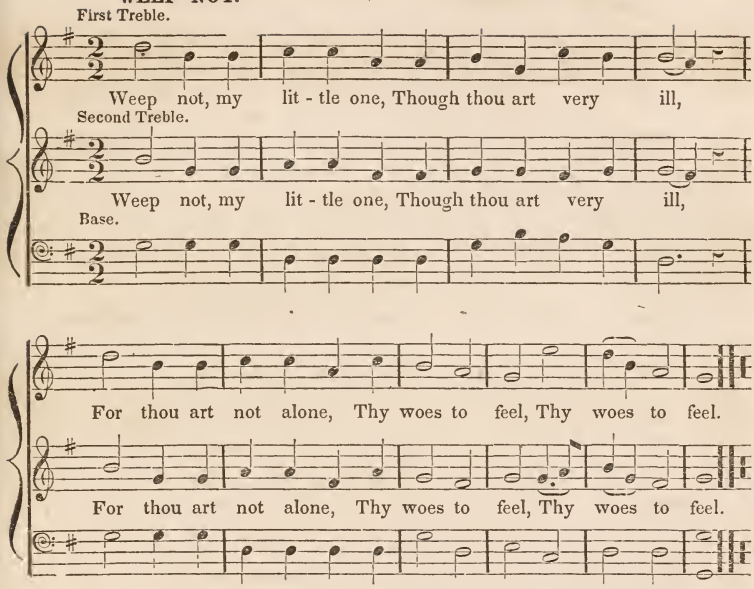
Safe sleeping on its mother's breast,
The smiling babe appears,
Now sweetly sinking into rest,
Now wash'd in sudden tears:
Hush, hush, my little baby dear,
There's nobody to hurt you here.

Full many a summer sun must glow,
And lighten up the skies,
Before its tender limbs can grow
To any thing of size:
And all the while the mother's eye
Must every little want supply.

Then surely when each little limb
Shall grow to healthy size;
And youth and manhood strengthen him
For toil and enterprise,
His mother's kindness is a debt
He never, never will forget.

JANE TAYLOR.

WEEP NOT.


First Treble.
Weep not, my lit - tle one, Though thou art very ill,
Second Treble.
Weep not, my lit - tle one, Though thou art very ill,
Base.
For thou art not alone, Thy woes to feel, Thy woes to feel.
For thou art not alone, Thy woes to feel, Thy woes to feel.

FOR A SICK CHILD.

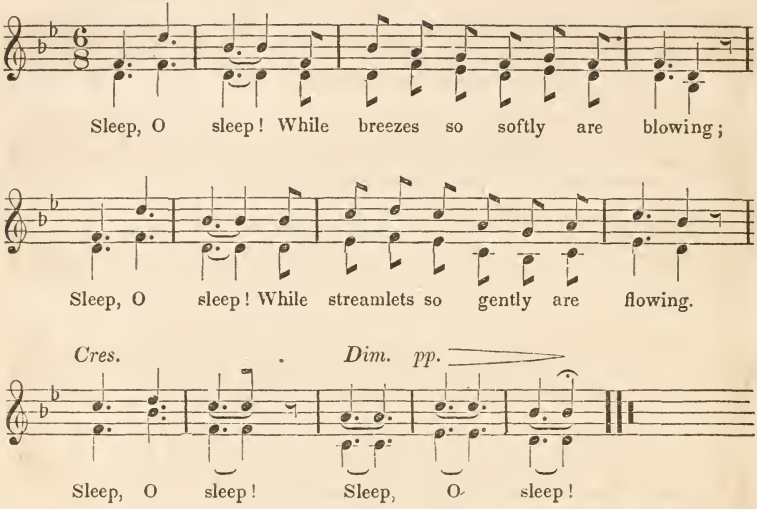
Weep not, O little one,
  Though thou art very ill,
For thou art not alone,
  Thy woes to feel.

Each sigh of thine will heave
  An anxious mother's breast;
Each accent of thy grief
  Will break her rest.

Each tear that thou dost shed
  Will cause her grief to flow:
Her heart, since thine doth bleed,
  Is bleeding too.

One Hand alone can heal;
  That hand is ever near:
O who can doubt His skill—
  Or gracious care!

SLEEP, O SLEEP.


Sleep, O sleep! While breezes so softly are blowing;
Sleep, O sleep! While streamlets so gently are flowing.
Cres.
Dim.
pp.
Sleep, O sleep! Sleep, O sleep!

Sleep, O sleep!
While spring her rich verdure is wearing,
Sleep, O sleep!
While flow'rs in their pride are appearing,
Sleep, &c.

Sleep, O sleep!
While birds in the forest are singing,
Sleep, O sleep!
While echoes with music are ringing,
Sleep, &c.

Sleep, O sleep!
While flocks in the meadows are straying,
Sleep, O sleep!
While lambkins are merrily playing,
Sleep, &c.

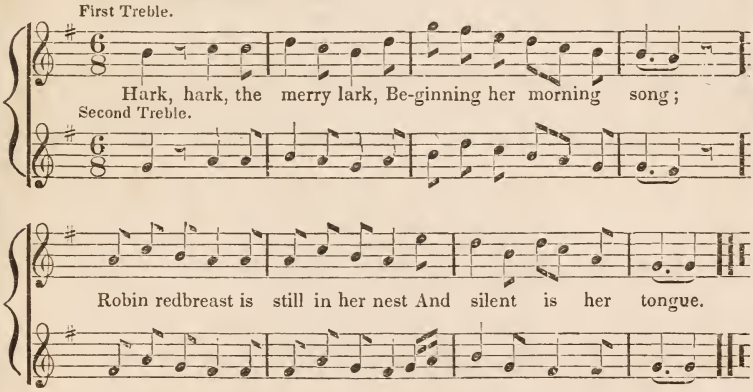
Sleep, O sleep!
While angels are watching beside thee,
Sleep, O sleep!
May blessings forever betide thee,
Sleep, &c.

PART SECOND.

THE NURSERY.

The songs of this department are introduced chiefly for children who are just beginning to entertain a few simple ideas and principles relative to things around them. The mother should commence with some of the easiest songs, and afterwards, as she proceeds with the more difficult ones, furnish the words with an occasional comment.

THE MERRY LARK.


First Treble.
Hark, hark, the merry lark, Be-ginning her morning song;
Second Treble.
Robin redbreast is still in her nest And silent is her tongue.

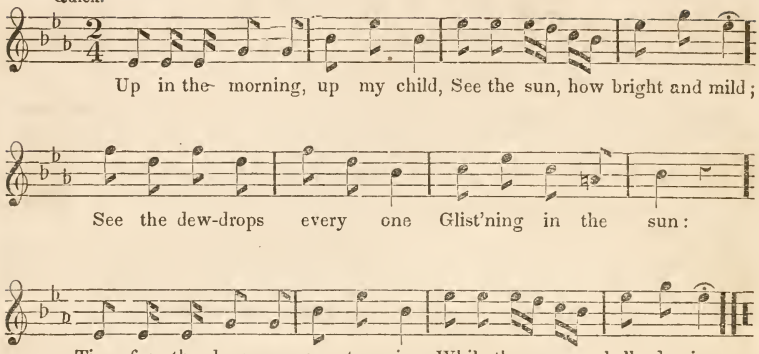
Hark, hark,
The merry lark,
Beginning her morning song;
Robin redbreast
Is still in her nest
And silent is her tongue.

No, no,
It will not do,
Though Robin may lie in bed;
"Early and bright
As soon as 'tis light,"
My mother to me has said-

See, see
The busy bee
A going from flower to flower,
Carries a sting,
While under her wing
She holds her honeyed store

So, so,
While busy too,
In study or useful work;
In many a sweet
Which we may meet
Some poison'd sting may lurk.

UP IN THE MORNING.

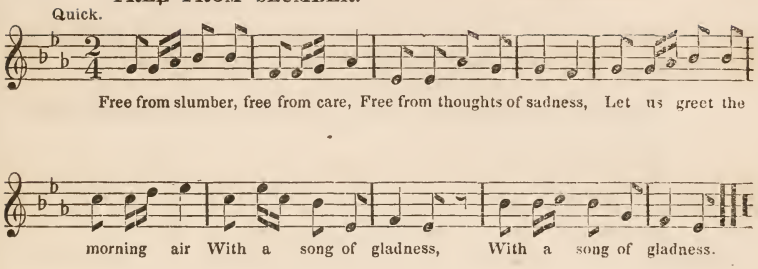

Quick.
Up in the morning, up my child, See the sun, how bright and mild;
See the dew-drops every one Glist'ning in the sun:
Time for the dear one up to spring, While the merry bells do ring.

Up in the morning, up my child,
See the sun, how bright and mild;
See the dew-drops every one
Glist'ning in the sun:
Time for the dear one up to spring,
While the merry bells do ring.

Quick let me put your clean dress on,
For the night is past and gone;
Now another day is giv'n,
By our Lord in heav'n:
Now when the morning air you feel,
To your heav'nly Keeper kneel.

Praise to the Lord for morning light,
Praise for safety through the night,
While the birds are singing all,
On the Lord we call:
Thus in the morning we will praise
Our Redeemer all our days. A.

FREE FROM SLUMBER.


Quick.
Free from slumber, free from care, Free from thoughts of sadness, Let us greet the
morning air With a song of gladness, With a song of gladness.

While the music of the grove
On the ear is stealing,
Thoughts of friendship and of love
Waken tender feeling.

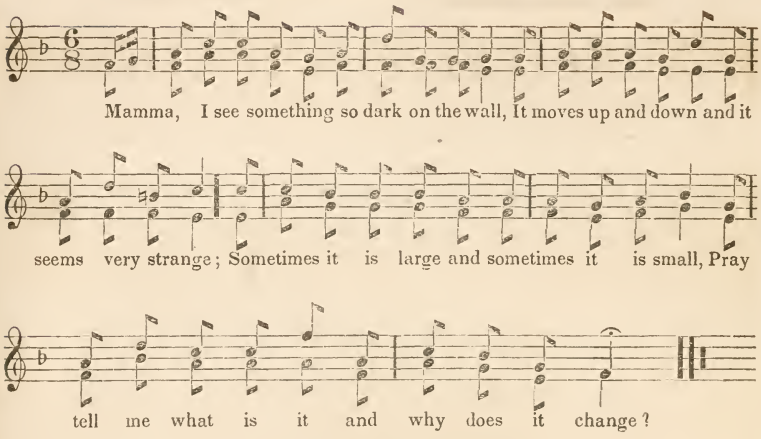
Lo, the drops of pearly dew
Upward are ascending,
And the flowers with golden hue
On the stalk are bending.

Fragrance fills the gentle breeze
Now incessant blowing:
While beneath the forest trees
Gentle rills are flowing.

In the pastures fresh and green,
Flocks and herds are straying;
Sol without a cloud is seen,
Light and warmth conveying.

See all nature join in praise—
Earth, and air, and ocean!
Upward then to heaven we'll raise
Songs of true devotion. ANON.

THE SHADOW.


Mamma, I see something so dark on the wall, It moves up and down and it
seems very strange; Sometimes it is large and sometimes it is small, Pray
tell me what is it and why does it change?

Child. Mamma, I see something so dark on the wall,
It moves up and down and it seems very strange;
Sometimes it is large and sometimes it is small,
Pray tell me what is it and why does it change?

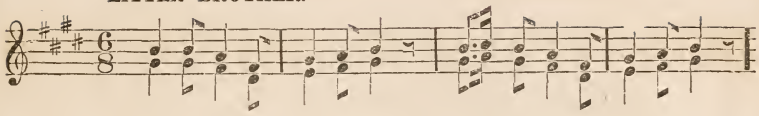
Mamma. It is mamma's shadow that puzzles you so,
And there is your own, close beside it, my love;
Now run round the room, it will go where you go,
When you sit, 't will be still, when you rise, it will move.

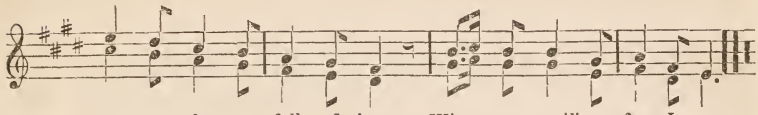
These wonderful shadows are caused by the light
From fire and from candles upon us that falls;
Were we not sitting here, all that place would be bright,
But the light can't shine through us, you know, on the walls.

Now hold up your mouth and give me a sweet kiss,
The shadows kiss, too, don't you see it, quite plain?

Child. O yes! and I thank you for telling me this;
I'll not be afraid of a shadow again. *Mrs. M. L. D.*

LITTLE BROTHER.



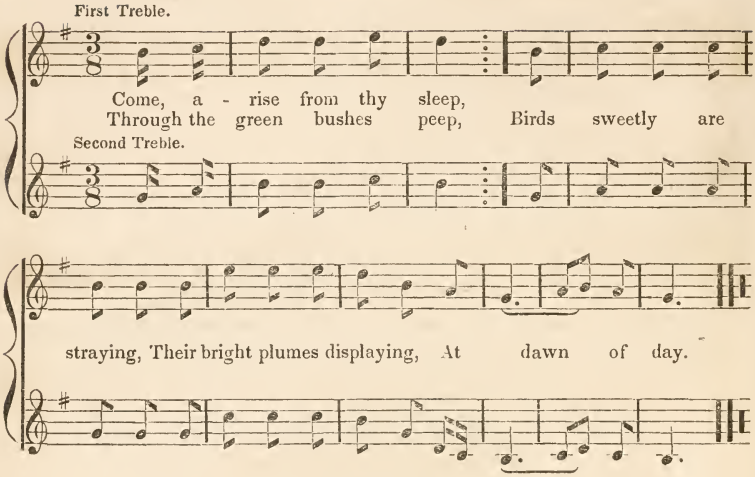


Little brother, darling boy,
You are very dear to me;
I am happy, full of joy
When your smiling face I see.

How I wish that you could speak,
And could know the words I say:
Pretty stories I would seek
To amuse you all the day.

Shake your rattle, here it is,
Listen to its merry noise;
And when you are tired of this,
I will buy you other toys.

I'll be very kind to you,
Never strike or make you cry,
As some naughty children do,
Quite forgetting God is nigh. *Mrs. M. L. D.*

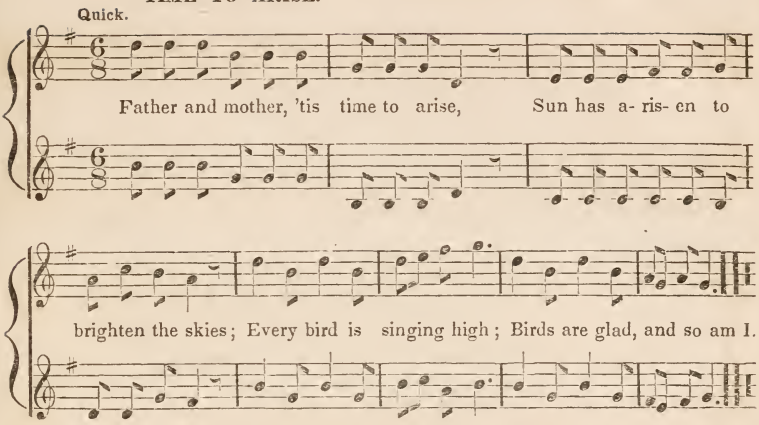
DAWN OF DAY.

First Treble.
Come, a - rise from thy sleep,
Through the green bushes peep, Birds sweetly are
Second Treble.
straying, Their bright plumes displaying, At dawn of day.

Let us breathe the fresh air,
For the morning is fair,
And the forest is ringing
With merry birds singing
At dawn of day.

Come along for a talk
Or a sweet morning walk,
While the garden discloses
Its bright blushing roses,
At dawn of day.

But first to our King
Let us joyfully sing,
And praises be paying,
'Tis good to be praying
At dawn of day. **A.**

TIME TO ARISE.


Quick.
Father and mother, 'tis time to arise, Sun has a- ris- en to
brighten the skies; Every bird is singing high; Birds are glad, and so am I.

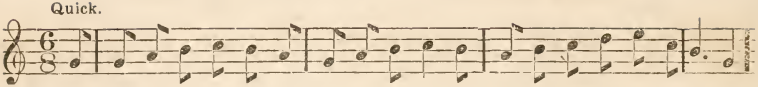
Father and mother, 'tis time to arise,
Sun has arisen to brighten the skies;
Every bird is singing high;
Birds are glad, and so am I.

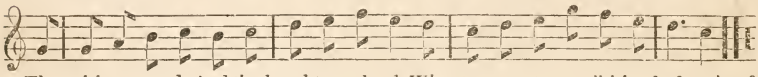
Merrily, merrily there in the tree,
Bluebird and robin are singing to me;
Round the window see them fly;
Birds are glad, and so am I.

Glad little robin, you never can know,
Who is the Maker that fashion'd you so;
Yet you cannot weep or sigh;
Birds are glad, and so am I.

He who created the birds of the air,
Securely will keep me from trouble and care:
He has taught the birds to fly;
Birds are glad, and so am I. A.

O WILD IS THY JOY.

Quick.

O wild is thy joy, My affectionate boy, What visions of fancy come o'er thee?



Thy spirit so proud, And thy laughter so loud, What transports are glit'ring before thee?

O wild is thy joy,*
My affectionate boy,
What visions of fancy come o'er thee?
Thy spirit so proud,
And thy laughter so loud—
What transports are glit'ring before thee?

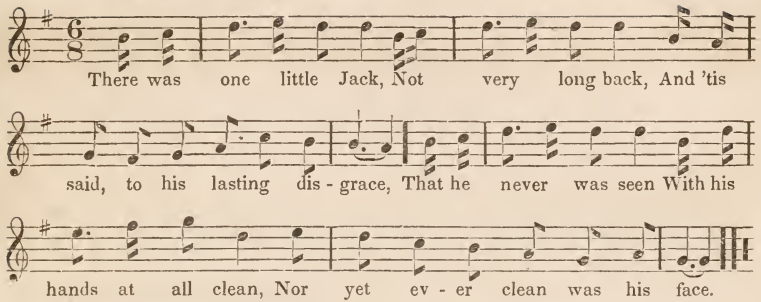
Dost think of a day
Thou mayst ramble and play,
O'er the meadows, the forests, and mountains?
Or in the sweet vale,
'Mong the lilies so pale,
By the side of the rills and the fountains?

Some glim'rings of thought
Perchance thou hast caught,
While thy spirit within thee rejoices,
Some simple delight,
Some object of sight
Or sound in the mingling of voices.

O, brief is thy mirth,
For the visions of earth,
Like the shadows of noonday, are flying:
But joys that are pure,
Shall forever endure,
Though earth and its transports are dying.

* The boy alluded to in this instance, is supposed not to be within hearing of the song, while another little one is listening.

LITTLE JACK.


There was one little Jack, Not very long back, And 'tis
said, to his lasting dis - grace, That he never was seen With his
hands at all clean, Nor yet ev - er clean was his face.

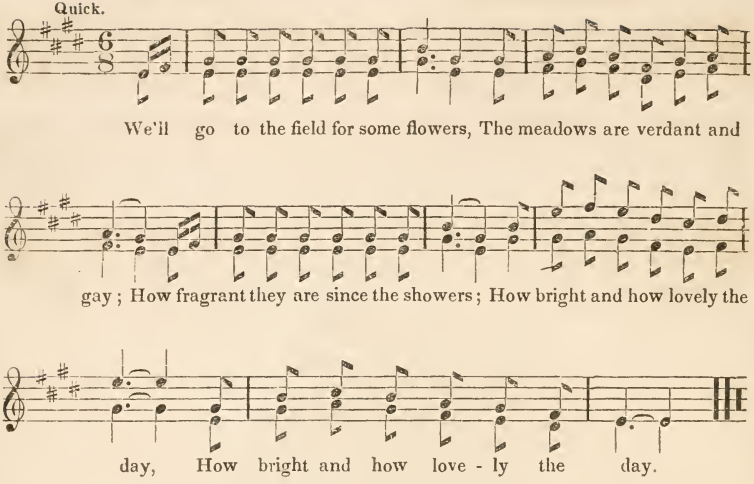
There was one little Jack,
Not very long back,
And 'tis said to his lasting disgrace,
That he never was seen
With his hands at all clean,
Nor yet ever clean was his face.

His kind friends were much hurt
To see so much dirt,
And often and well did they scour;
But all was in vain,
He was dirty again
Before they had done it an hour.

When to wash he was sent,
He reluctantly went
With water to splash himself o'er;
But he left the black streaks
All over his cheeks
And made them look worse than before.

All the idle and bad
May much like this lad,
Be dirty and black, to be sure:
But all good boys are seen
To be decent and clean,
Although they are ever so poor. JANE TAYLOR.

THE FIELD.

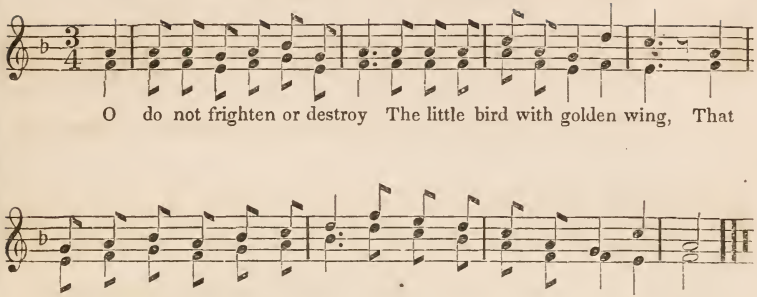

Quick.
We'll go to the field for some flowers, The meadows are verdant and
gay; How fragrant they are since the showers; How bright and how lovely the
day, How bright and how love - ly the day.

We'll go to the field for some flowers,
The meadows are verdant and gay;
How fragrant they are since the showers;
How bright and how lovely the day.

But who made the pretty green trees?
And who made the beautiful flowers?
Who sweetens with roses the breeze?
Who makes them all fresh with the showers?

'Tis our Heavenly Father above,
Who makes every thing that we see;
And who with compassion and love
Regards such young children as we. ANON.

THE LITTLE BIRD.


O do not frighten or destroy The little bird with golden wing, That
carols forth the notes of joy To cheer us in the time of spring.

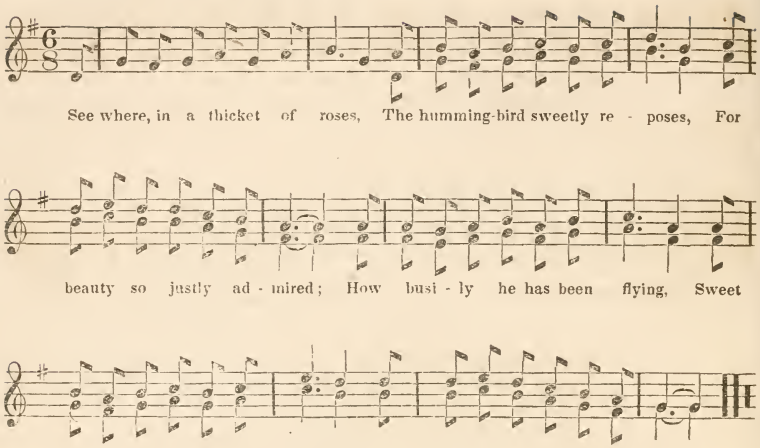
O do not frighten or destroy
The little bird with golden wing;
That carols forth the notes of joy
To cheer us in the time of spring.

See how she nestles on the bough,
And nourishes her tender young;
Mark how her warm affections flow,
And listen to her gentle song.

'Tis cruel to disturb her nest,
Or pilfer to supply a cage;
We who with liberty are blest,
Should never in such acts engage.

Then do not frighten or destroy
The little bird with golden wing,
But oft, like her, thy voice employ,
The Author of creation sing. H.

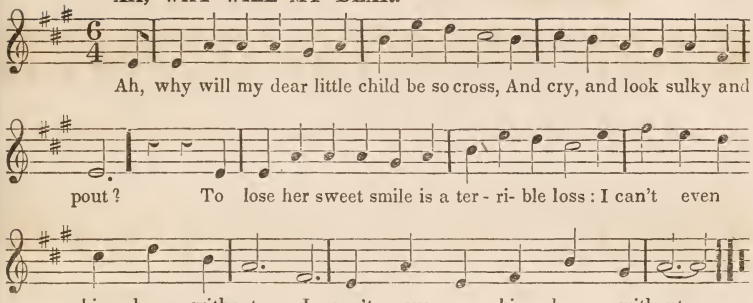
THE HUMMING-BIRD.


See where, in a thicket of roses, The humming-bird sweetly re - poses, For
beauty so justly ad - mired; How busi - ly he has been flying, Sweet
slumber he now is en - - joying, The poor little creature is tired.

But there is a humble-bee coming,
He makes such a terrible drumming,
I wish he could ever be still:
And now there's a robin so near him,
The humming-bird surely will hear him;
I wish he would shut up his bill.

But I have been jumping and stamping:
I made with my singing and romping
More noise than the robin or bee:
And as dear little sister was sleeping,
I woke her and set her to weeping;
My fault I now clearly can see. H.

AH, WHY WILL MY DEAR.


Ah, why will my dear little child be so cross, And cry, and look sulky and
pout? To lose her sweet smile is a ter - ri- ble loss: I can't even
kiss her without, I can't even kiss her without.

WASHING AND DRESSING.

Ah, why will my dear little girl be so cross,
And cry, and look sulky, and pout?
To lose her sweet smile is a terrible loss:
I can't even kiss her without.

You say you don't like to be wash'd and be dress'd:
But would you be dirty and foul?
Come, drive that long sob from your dear little breast,
And clear your sweet face from its scowl.

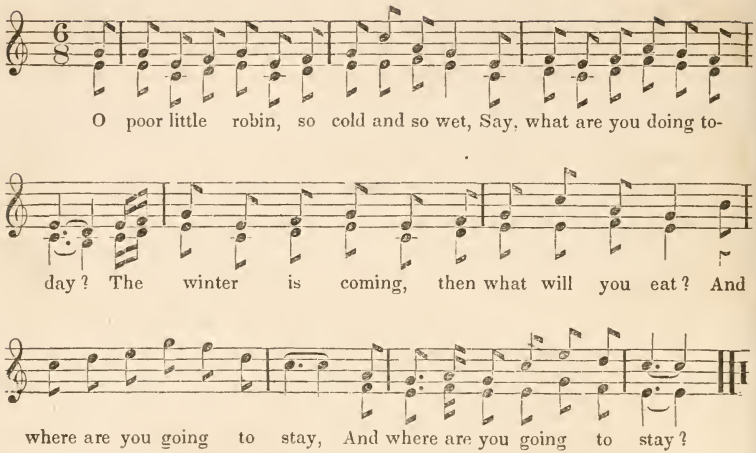
If the water is cold and the comb hurts your head,
And the soap has got into your eye,*
Will the water grow warmer for all that you've said?
What good will it do you to cry?

It is not to tease you and hurt you, my sweet,
But only for kindness and care,
That I wash you and dress you and make you look neat,
And comb out your tanglesome hair.

I don't mind the trouble, if you will not cry,
But pay me for all with a kiss,
That's right,—take the towel and wipe your wet eye:
I thought you'd be good after this. JANE TAYLOR.

* This process, by the way, is often performed so roughly as to occasion no inconsiderable pain.

THE ROBIN.


O poor little robin, so cold and so wet, Say, what are you doing to-
day? The winter is coming, then what will you eat? And
where are you going to stay, And where are you going to stay?

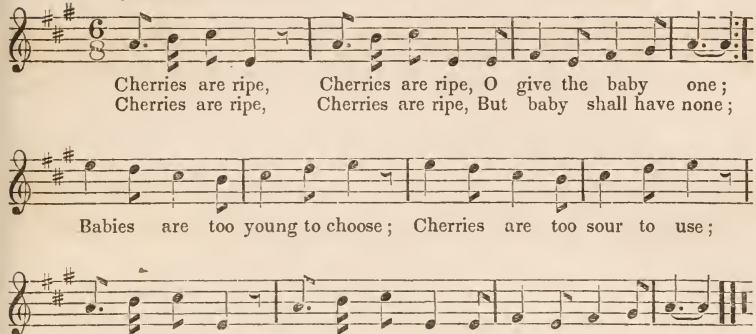
O, poor little robin, so cold and so wet,
Say, what are you doing to-day?
The winter is coming, then what will you eat?
And where are you going to stay?

Your nest is so open, so cold and so poor,
You never can live there again;
O come, pretty robin, come into our door,
We'll shelter you from the cold rain.

We've clean beds to sleep in, and water to drink,
And things very nice for your food;
Come, come, pretty robin; O how can you think
To fly off again in the wood!

The bird will not listen; but children so young,
So hungry, so cold and so wet,
May share in my cottage, and join in my song;
And they shall have something to eat.

CHERRIES ARE RIPE.

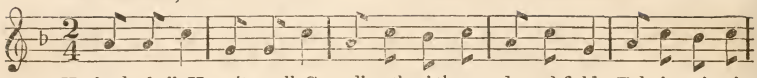

Cherries are ripe, Cherries are ripe, O give the baby one;
Cherries are ripe, Cherries are ripe, But baby shall have none;
Babies are too young to choose; Cherries are too sour to use;
But by and by, Made in a pie, No one will them re - fuse.

Cherries are ripe,
Cherries are ripe,
O give the baby one;
Cherries are ripe,
Cherries are ripe,
But baby shall have none:
Babies are too young to choose;
Cherries are too sour to use;
But by and by,
Made in a pie,
No one will them refuse.

Up in the tree
Robin I see,
Picking one by one;
Shaking his bill,
Getting his fill,
Down his throat they run:
Robins want no cherry pie,
Quick they eat and off they fly.
My little child,
Patient and mild,
Surely will not cry.

Cherries are ripe,
Cherries are ripe,
But we will let them fall.
Cherries are ripe,
Cherries are ripe,
But bad for babies small.
Gladly follow mother's will,
Be obedient, soft and still,
Waiting awhile,
Delighted you'll smile,
And joyful eat your fill. A.

HARK, THE BELL.


Hark, the bell, Hear it swell, Sounding thro' the woods and fields, Echoing o'er the
hills and dales, 'Tis Sabbath day, Do not stray, Do not work or play.

THE SABBATH.

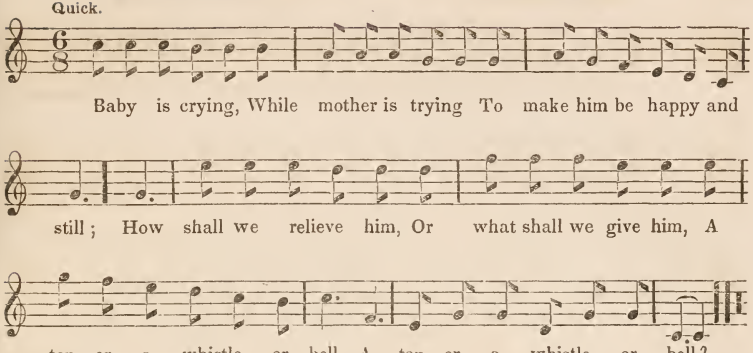
Hark, the bell,
Hear it swell,
Sounding through the woods and fields,
Echoing o'er the hills and dales:
'Tis Sabbath day,
Do not stray,
Do not work or play.

Hark, the bell,
Hear it swell,
Sounding through the woods and fields,
Echoing o'er the hills and dales,
'Tis Sabbath day,
Don't delay,
Learn the heavenly way.

Hark, the bell,
Hear it swell,
Sounding through the woods and fields,
Echoing o'er the hills and dales,
'Tis Sabbath day,
Sing and pray,
Listen and obey.

BABY IS CRYING.

[To be sung by the older children.


Quick.
Baby is crying, While mother is trying To make him be happy and
still; How shall we relieve him, Or what shall we give him, A
top or a whistle or bell, A top or a whistle or bell?

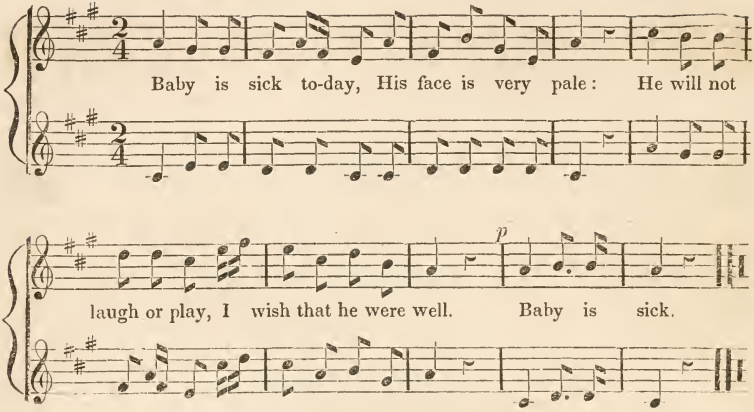
I wish he were quiet,
He makes such a riot
That nobody else can be heard;
See how he dislikes her,
And wickedly strikes her,
O baby, how very absurd!

Not love your dear mother
And sister and brother,
Who always are loving and true!
O, be not so naughty,
So cross and so haughty,
While we are so tender of you.

Dear mother must whip him,
In quiet to keep him,
If better he will not behave:
Why wont he be kinder,
And love her and mind her?
Then all of that trouble he'll save.

* This must of course be understood as the language of affectionate solicitude, and not as the expression of peevishness or ill-natured censure.

BABY IS SICK.



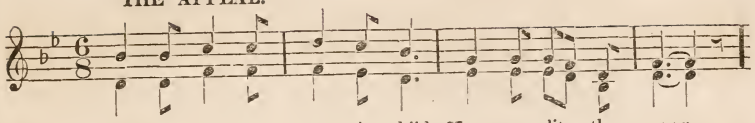
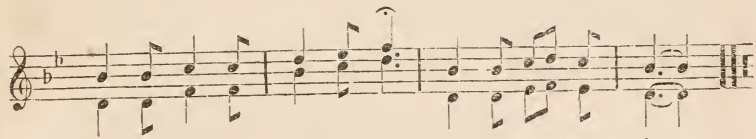
Baby is sick to-day,
  His face is very pale:
He will not laugh or play.
  I wish that he were well.

Shall we give him some meat,
  Some pudding, or some pie?
What shall he have to eat?
  I hate to hear him cry.

O, no, 'twould never do,
  Such things would make him worse;
They are unwholesome too,
  For children well, like us.

Babies love simple food,
  And we are very small;
Rich things do us no good,
  We'll give him none at all.

THE APPEAL.*

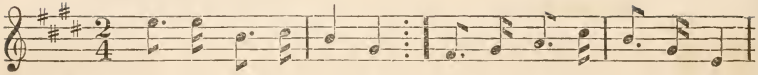
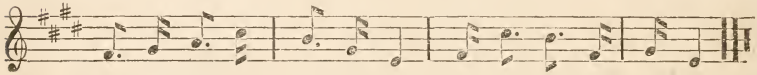


Father, father, kiss thy child,
Hear my little song;
When my mother sweetly smil'd—
Father pass'd along.

Father, father, kiss thy child,
Thy affection prove;
When my mother sweetly smil'd,
All her look was love.

Father, father, kiss thy child,
Do not make me cry:
When my mother sweetly smil'd,
Father pass'd me by.

* Ortonville was first suggested by this song, which was an earlier composition.

SEE THE NAUGHTY KITTEN.



See the naughty kitten,
Playing with the knittin':
How she rolls the ball about!
How she pulls the stitches out!
Naughty, naughty kitten.

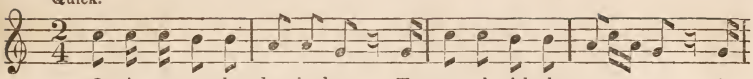
Will you run and catch her?
Will you try to teach her?
Bring the pretty little book,
See if in it she will look?
Do not let her scratch you.

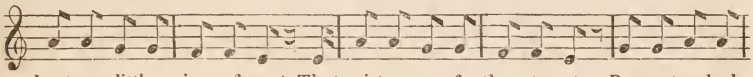
What a naughty pussy,
All the while so dosy,
Pussy only mew'd and purr'd,
Would not read a single word,
Naughty, naughty pussy.

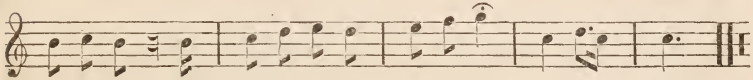
Kittens know but little,
Knitting yarn is brittle,
Children should not do so ill,
They should learn to read and spell,
Not be full of prattle.

O WHAT A NAUGHTY DOG.

Quick.





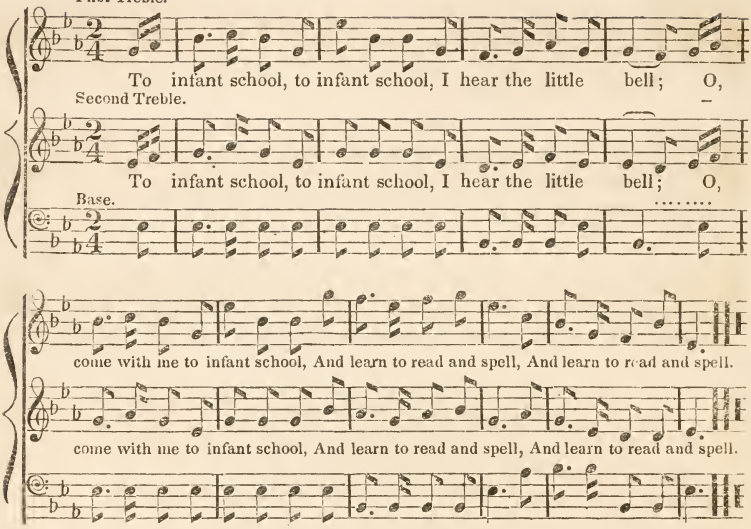


O, what a naughty dog is that,
To quarrel with the pussy cat,
About a little piece of meat
That sister gave for them to eat;
Pussy too, looks very shy,
And lifts her back up very high.

Hark, how he growls and barks at her,
See how she raises up her fur;
And now he snatches for the piece,
And now she's spitting in his face,
O for shame! poor dog and cat,
To quarrel for a thing like that.

Brothers and sisters should be kind,
And no such vile examples mind,
While dogs and cats may think it right
To quarrel for their appetite:
Children always should agree,
Both when they eat and when they play.

TO INFANT SCHOOL.

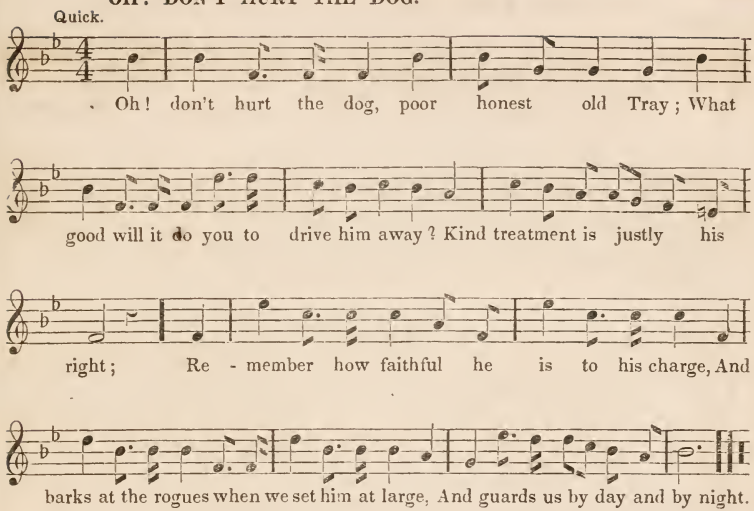

First Treble.
To infant school, to infant school, I hear the little bell; O,
Second Treble.
To infant school, to infant school, I hear the little bell; O,
Base.
come with me to infant school, And learn to read and spell, And learn to read and spell.
come with me to infant school, And learn to read and spell, And learn to read and spell.

To infant school, to infant school,
I do not like to wait;
O, come with me to infant school,
Or we shall be too late.

To infant school, to infant school,
We must not stop to play;
O, come with me to infant school,
And I will lead the way.

To infant school, to infant school,
We'll sweetly march and sing;
O, come with me to infant school,
The bell begins to ring.

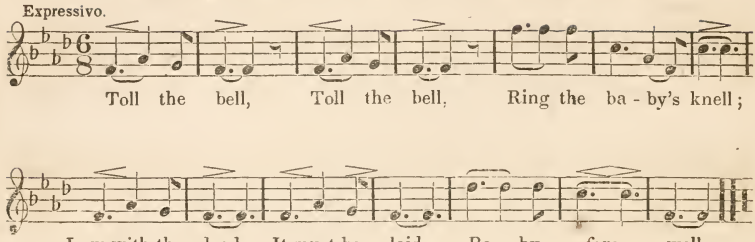
OH! DON'T HURT THE DOG.


Quick.
Oh! don't hurt the dog, poor honest old Tray; What
good will it do you to drive him away? Kind treatment is justly his
right; Re - member how faithful he is to his charge, And
barks at the rogues when we set him at large, And guards us by day and by night.

Oh! don't hurt the dog, poor honest old Tray;
What good will it do you to drive him away?
Kind treatment is justly his right;
Remember how faithful he is to his charge,
And barks at the rogues when we set him at large,
And guards us by day and by night.

If you are a boy and Tray but a beast,
I think it should teach you one lesson at least,
You ought to act better than he;
And if without reason, or judgment, or sense,
Tray does as we bid him and gives no offence,
How diligent Richard should be! JANE TAYLOR.

TOLL THE BELL.



THE FUNERAL.

Toll the bell,
Toll the bell,
Ring the baby's knell;
Low with the dead
It must be laid,
Baby, farewell.

Toll the bell,
Toll the bell,
Ring the baby's knell;
Slow from the hall,
Moves the dark pall,
Baby, farewell.

Toll the bell,
Toll the bell,
Ring the baby's knell;
Pale is its face,
And white its dress,
Baby, farewell.

Toll the bell,
Toll the bell,
Ring the baby's knell;
Now earth to earth
'Neath the green turf,
Baby, farewell.

Toll the bell,
Toll the bell,
Ring the baby's knell;
Beyond the skies
Its spirit flies,
Baby, farewell.

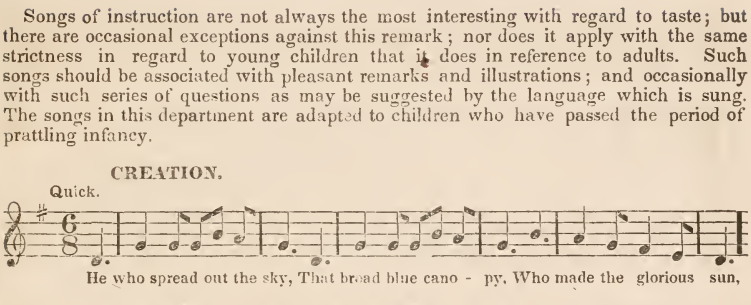
PART THIRD.

THE CLASS ROOM.

Songs of instruction are not always the most interesting with regard to taste; but there are occasional exceptions against this remark; nor does it apply with the same strictness in regard to young children that it does in reference to adults. Such songs should be associated with pleasant remarks and illustrations; and occasionally with such series of questions as may be suggested by the language which is sung. The songs in this department are adapted to children who have passed the period of prattling infancy.

CREATION.

Quick.


He who spread out the sky, That broad blue cano - py, Who made the glorious sun,
The moon to shine by night, The stars with eye so bright, He made thee, little one.

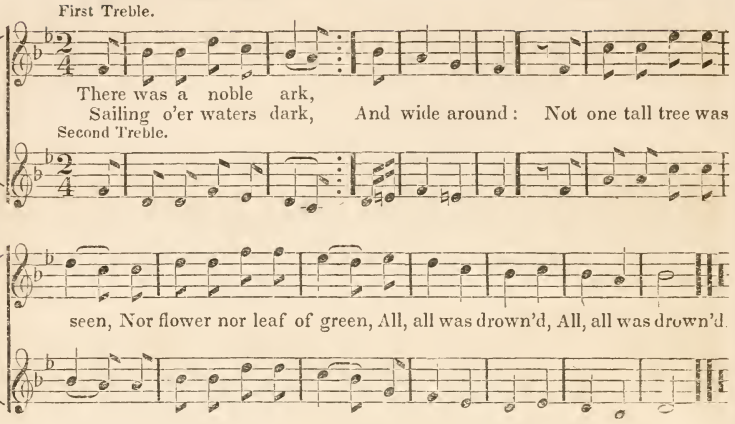
He who spread out the sky,
That broad blue canopy,
Who made the glorious sun,
The moon to shine by night,
The stars with eye so bright,
He made thee, little one.

He who with care doth keep
The nested birds that sleep;
And when their rest is done,
Doth guide them through the sky,
And feed them when they cry,
He loves thee, little one. L. H. S.

QUESTIONS.

1. Who made you?
2. Who made the sky, the sun, the moon, and the stars?
3. Who takes care of the birds and feeds them?
4. Does the Lord take care of little children?
5. Does he love them when they are his children?

THE ARK AND DOVE.


First Treble.
There was a noble ark,
Sailing o'er waters dark, And wide around: Not one tall tree was
Second Treble.
seen, Nor flower nor leaf of green, All, all was drown'd, All, all was drown'd.

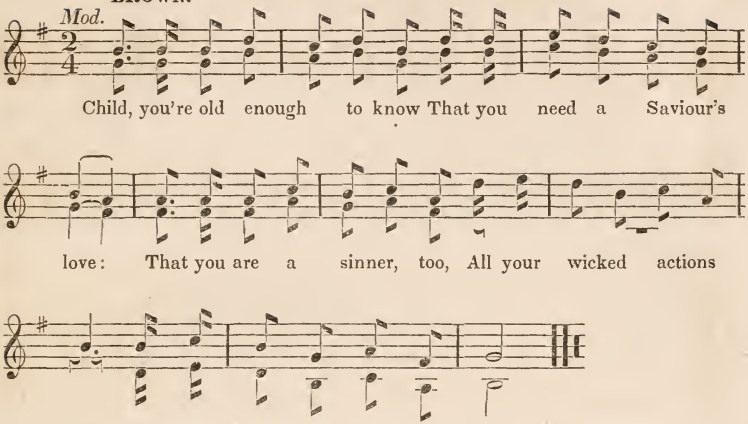
Then a soft wing was spread,
And o'er the billows dread,
  A meek dove flew;
But on that shoreless tide,
No living thing she spied
  To cheer her view—

So to the ark she fled,
With weary, drooping head,
  To seek for rest;
Christ is thy ark, my love,
Thou art the tender dove,
  Fly to his breast. L. H. S.

QUESTIONS.

1. Who built the ark? 2. What was put into it?
3. Was the rest of the world destroyed? 4. For what?
5. Why was the dove sent out, and why did she return?
6. Why is Christ called an ark?

BROWN.*


Mod.
Child, you're old enough to know That you need a Saviour's
love: That you are a sinner, too, All your wicked actions
prove, All your wicked actions prove.

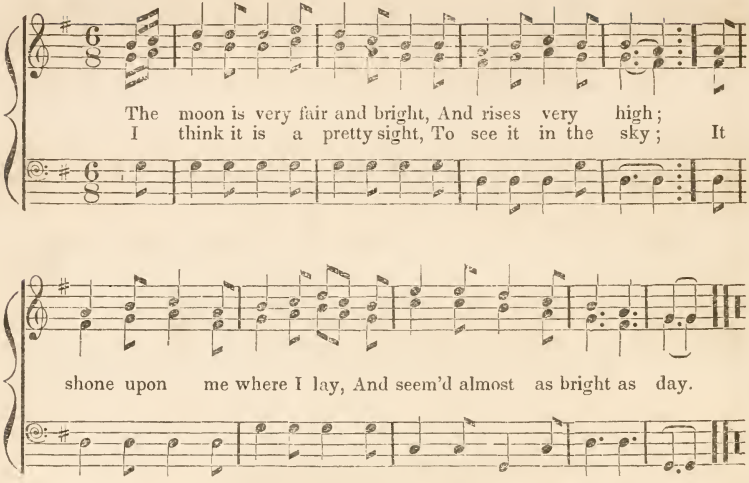
Child, you're old enough to know
That you need a Saviour's love:
That you are a sinner, too,
All your wicked actions prove.

When you feel your bosom swell,
Angry passions rise within,
And your lips speak what they feel,
Something tells you—there is sin.

Christ was once a little child,
But his heart was pure within;
Always gentle, kind and mild;
Child, you must be just like him. B.

* The thoughts contained in this song may suggest a profitable method of teaching the doctrines of native depravity, and salvation through a bleeding Saviour. The pure example of Christ also, when frequently presented to the infantile mind, operates as a powerful restraint.

THE MOON IS VERY FAIR.


The moon is very fair and bright, And rises very high;
I think it is a pretty sight, To see it in the sky; It
shone upon me where I lay, And seem'd almost as bright as day.

The moon is very fair and bright
And rises very high;
I think it is a pretty sight,
To see it in the sky;
It shone upon me where I lay,
And seem'd almost as bright as day.

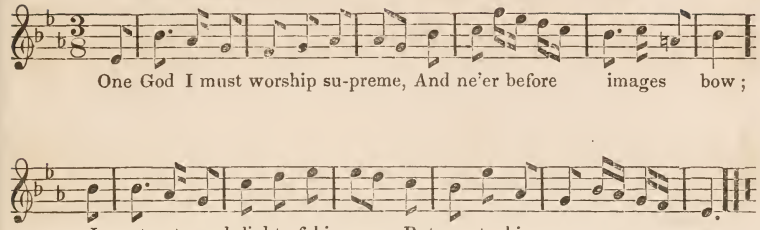
The stars are very pretty too.
And scatter'd all about;
At first there seem a very few,
But soon the rest come out:
I'm sure I could not count them all,
They are so very bright and small.

The sun is brighter still than they,
He blazes in the skies:
I dare not turn my face that way,
Unless I shut my eyes:
Yet when he shines our hearts revive,
And all the trees rejoice and thrive.

God made and keeps them every one
By his great power and might;
He is more glorious than the sun,
And all the stars of light:
But when we end our mortal race,
The pure in heart shall see his face.

JANE TAYLOR.

THE COMMANDMENTS.*



One God I must worship supreme,
And ne'er before images bow,
I must not speak light of his name,
But pay to him every vow.

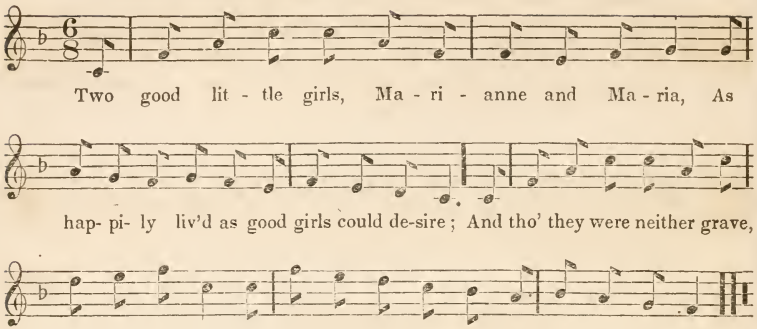
I'm bound to remember with care,
The Sabbath, so hallow'd and pure;
To honor my parents so dear,
That my life may the longer endure.

Foul murder, adult'ry, or theft,
Or falsehood, I ne'er will pursue:
Or covet a bribe or a gift,
Or extort from my neighbor his due.

Now help me, O Father in heav'n,
To keep these commandments with zeal;
In the strength that through Jesus is given
To those who are doing thy will.

* In connection with this song, the ten commandments may be recited, in such a manner as to show their meaning, and illustrate the thoughts contained in the hymn.

GOOD LITTLE GIRLS.


Two good lit - tle girls, Ma - ri - anne and Ma - ria, As
hap- pi- ly liv'd as good girls could de-sire ; And tho' they were neither grave,
sullen, nor mute, They seldom or never were heard to dispute.

Two good little girls, Marianne and Maria,
As happily liv'd as good girls could desire;
And though they were neither grave, sullen, nor mute,
They seldom or never were heard to dispute.

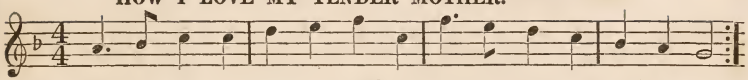
If one wants a thing that the other could get,
They never are scratching or scrambling for it,
But each one is willing to give up her right;
They'd rather have nothing than quarrel and fight.

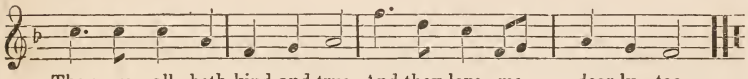
If one of them happens to have something nice,
Directly she offers her sister a slice;
And not like to some greedy children I've known,
Who would go in a corner and eat it alone.

When papa or mama had a job to be done,
These good little girls would immediately run,
And not stand disputing to which it belonged,
And grumble and fret and declare they were wronged.

Whatever occurred in their work or their play,
They were willing to yield and give up their own way;
Then let us all try their example to mind,
And always like them be obliging and kind. JANE TAYLOR.

HOW I LOVE MY TENDER MOTHER.*





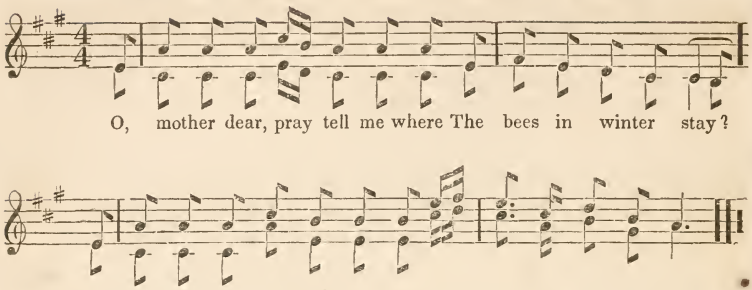
How I love my tender mother,
How I love my father dear;
How I love my little brother,
And my sister so sincere:
They are all both kind and true,
And they love me dearly too.

Be my neighbor proud or lowly,
He shall my affection share;
Be he sinful, be he holy,
He may claim my earnest prayer:
Let me not unfeeling prove,
Nor myself too dearly love.

But of all affection giv'n,
God on high demands the most;
God the Father in the heav'n,
God the Son and Holy Ghost:
Three in One and One in Three;
Be thou all in all to me.

* The child may be taught, in connection with this song, how that "love is the fulfilling of the law"—love that includes all the characteristics mentioned in the Gospel. The last stanza introduces also the subject of the blessed Trinity, in such a manner as to invite explanation.

THE BEES.



My child, they live within the hive,
And have enough to eat:
Amid the storm they're clean and warm,
Their food is very sweet.

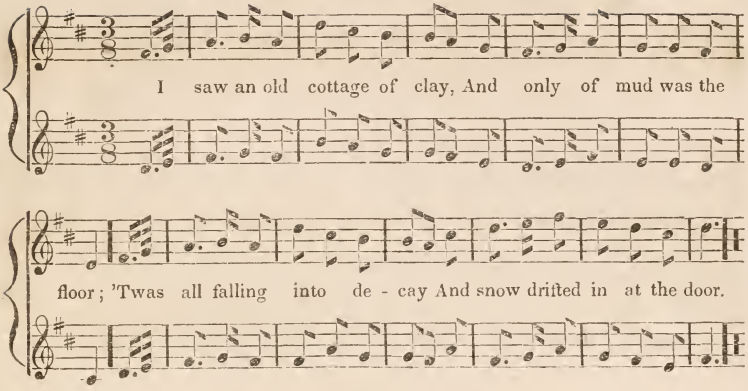
Say, mother dear, how came it there?
Did father feed them so?
I see no way in winter's day
That honey has to grow.

No, no, my child, in summer mild,
The bees laid up their store
Of precious drops in little cups,
'Till they would want no more.

In cups you said,—how are they made?
Are they as large as ours?
O no, they're all made nice and small
Of wax, found in the flow'rs.

Our summer's day to work and play,
Is now in mercy giv'n,
And we must strive long as we live
To lay up stores in HEAV'N.

I SAW AN OLD COTTAGE.



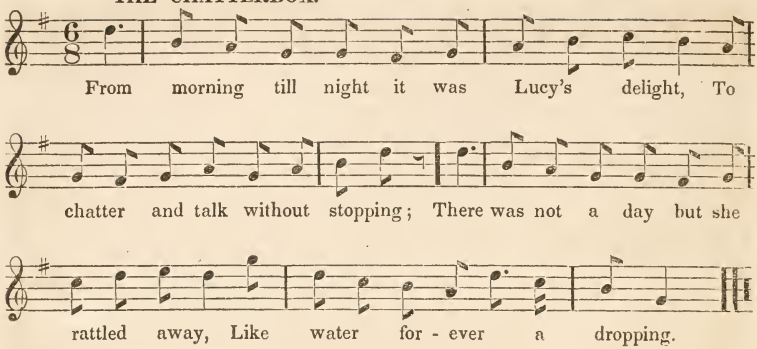
Yet there a poor family dwelt,
In a cottage so dismal and rude;
And though keenest hunger they felt,
They'd scarcely a morsel of food.

The children were crying for bread,
And to their poor mother would run—
"O, give us some breakfast," they said.
Alas! their poor mother had none.

O then let the wealthy and gay
But see such a hovel as this;
And in a poor cottage of clay,
Learn what real misery is.

The little that I have to spare,
I never will squander away;
While thousands of people there are
As poor and as wretched as they. JANE TAYLOR.

THE CHATTERBOX.*


From morning till night it was Lucy's delight, To
chatter and talk without stopping; There was not a day but she
rattled away, Like water for - ever a dropping.

THE CHATTERBOX.

From morning till night it was Lucy's delight,
To chatter and talk without stopping;
There was not a day but she rattled away,
Like water forever a dropping.

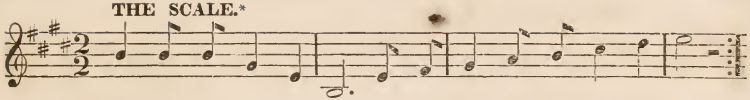
As soon as she rose, while she put on her clothes,
'Twas vain to endeavor to still her;
Nor once did she lack to continue her clack,
Till again she lay down on her pillow.

How very absurd! and have you not heard
That much tongue and few brains are connected?
That they are supposed to think least who talk most?
Their wisdom is always suspected.

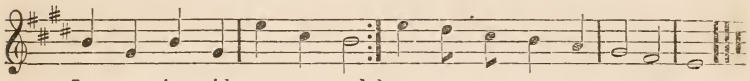
While Lucy was young, if she'd bridled her tongue,
With a little good sense and exertion,
Who knows but she might now have been our delight,
Instead of our jest and aversion! JANE TAYLOR.

* This is an excellent lesson for children who are prone to be talkative; especially those who have a little advanced beyond the period of early infancy.

THE SCALE.*



Come, let us learn to sing, Do re mi fa sol la si do;
Loud let our voices ring, Do re mi fa sol la si do;



Let us sing with open sound,
With our voices full and round, } Do si la sol fa mi re do.

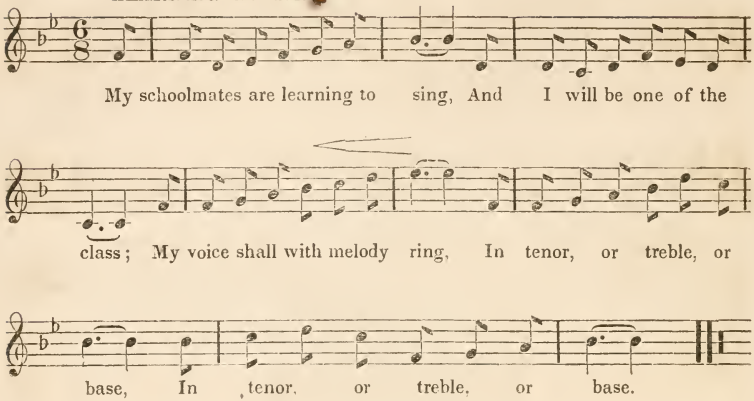
Come, let us learn to sing,
Do re mi fa sol la si do;
Loud let our voices ring,
Do re mi fa sol la si do;
Let us sing with open sound,
With our voices full and round,
Do si la sol fa mi re do.

This is the scale so sweet,
Do re mi fa sol la si do;
Sing it with accent meet,
Do re mi fa sol la si do;
First ascend in notes so true,
Then descend in order too,
Do si la sol fa mi re do.

Children should love to sing,
Do re mi fa sol la si do;
Praise to the heav'nly King,
Do re mi fa sol la si do;
Let us learn his face to seek,
Then aloud his praise we'll speak,
Do si la sol fa mi re do.

* Great care should here be taken, that the sounds of the SCALE are accurately tuned; and that the suggestions given in the song, in reference to the formation of the voice, be successfully reduced to practice.

LEARNING TO SING.

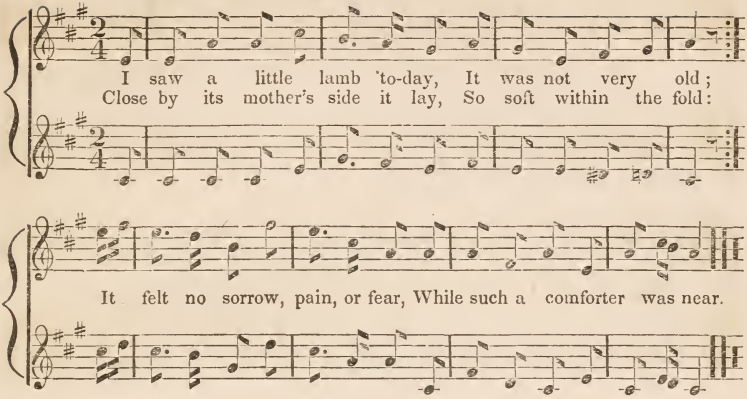

My schoolmates are learning to sing, And I will be one of the
class; My voice shall with melody ring, In tenor, or treble, or
base, In tenor, or treble, or base.

My schoolmates are learning to sing,
And I will be one of the class;
My voice shall with melody ring,
In tenor, or treble, or base.

The lessons I'll labor to learn;
The rules I will strictly regard;
Their meaning I'll try to discern,
Though sometimes they prove to be hard.

My efforts will not be in vain;
My time is not running to waste;
By little and little I'll gain,
Till all is accomplished at last.

THE LITTLE LAMB.


I saw a little lamb to-day, It was not very old;
Close by its mother's side it lay, So soft within the fold:
It felt no sorrow, pain, or fear, While such a comforter was near.

Sweet little lamb, you cannot know
What blessing I have lost:
Were you like me, what could you do
Amid the wintry frost?
My clothes are thin, my food is poor,
And I must beg from door to door.

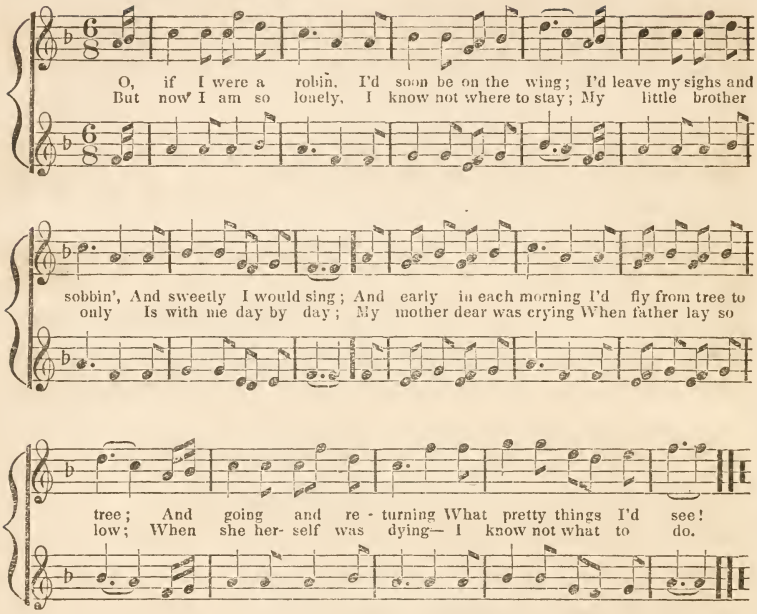
I had a mother once, like you,
To keep me by her side:
She cherish'd me and lov'd me too;
But soon, alas! she died:
Now sorrowful and full of care,
I'm lone and weary everywhere.

My father was not kind to me,
He went away from home;
I long'd once more his face to see,
But he would never come:
Before he died he would be found
Sleeping upon the naked ground.

I must not weep and break my heart,
They tell me not to grieve:
Sometimes I wish I could depart,
And find a peaceful grave:
They say such sorrows never come
To those who slumber in the tomb.

'Twas thus a little orphan sung,
Her lonely heart to cheer;
Before she wander'd very long,
She found a Saviour near:
He bade her seek his smiling face,
And find in heav'n a dwelling place.

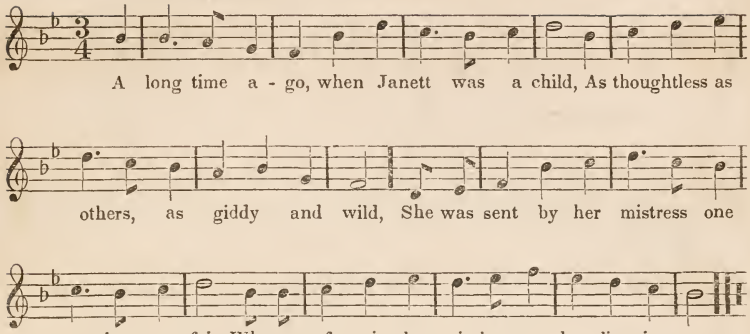
THE ORPHAN.


O, if I were a robin, I'd soon be on the wing; I'd leave my sighs and
But now I am so lonely, I know not where to stay; My little brother
sobbin', And sweetly I would sing; And early in each morning I'd fly from tree to
only Is with me day by day; My mother dear was crying When father lay so
tree; And going and re - turning What pretty things I'd see!
low; When she her- self was dying— I know not what to do.

Our parents are in heaven,
Their spirits went above;
Their sins were all forgiven,
For they the Lord did love:
God call'd them to forsake us,
And laid them in the dust;
But he himself will take us,
If in his name we trust.

If Jesus will receive us
Within his precious fold;
And when he'll please to give us
Some pretty wings of gold;
Then soon we will be flying
Up to that blessed place,
Where there is no more crying,
So near his smiling face.

THE PENITENT CHILD.


A long time a - go, when Janett was a child, As thoughtless as
others, as giddy and wild, She was sent by her mistress one
evening so fair, Where a fam - i - ly circle were kneeling in prayer.

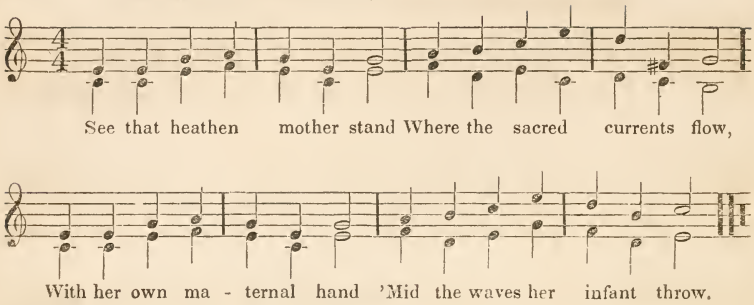
Her young heart was then touch'd; she would afterwards say,
"O! that my dear master but knew how to pray;"
For she had no father to pray for her soul,
No mother to counsel, advise, or control.

One night as the snows drifted deep through the vale,
While the bleak whistling wind was all dreary and chill,
She again sought the house where she first heard a prayer,
And close to the door held her listening ear.

She heard, as the story of Jesus was read,
How he suffer'd below, how for sinners he bled;
Tears fell from her eyes like the drops of a show'r,
Till sobbings of anguish were heard at the door.

That night did the Lord, by his Spirit, impart,
To the penitent child a conversion of heart;
Then happy was she, though an orphan and poor,
And she never forgot how she knelt at the door. B.

THE HEATHEN MOTHER.



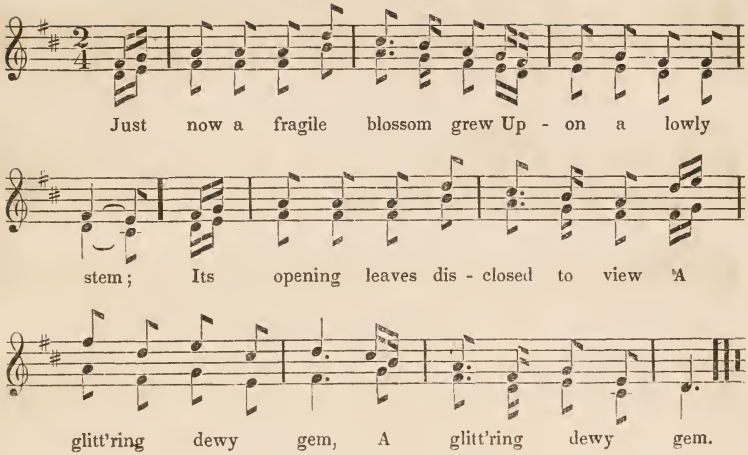
Hark! I hear the piteous scream,
Frightful monsters seize their prey:
Or the dark and bloody stream
Bears the struggling child away.

Fainter now, and fainter still,
Breaks the cry upon the ear;
But the mother's heart is steel;
She, unmov'd, that cry can hear.

Send, O send the Bible there,
Let its precepts reach the heart,
She may then her children spare—
Act the mother's tender part. B.

What is a heathen mother?
What is meant by the sacred current?
Why does she throw her infant into the river?
What monsters of the deep seize infants?
Why is the heathen mother so hard-hearted?
What would make her love her child?
Would the Bible do her good without reading it?
What would make its truths touch her heart?
Why would she then spare her child?

FRAGILE BLOSSOM.


Just now a fragile blossom grew Up - on a lowly
stem; Its opening leaves dis - closed to view A
glitt'ring dewy gem, A glitt'ring dewy gem.

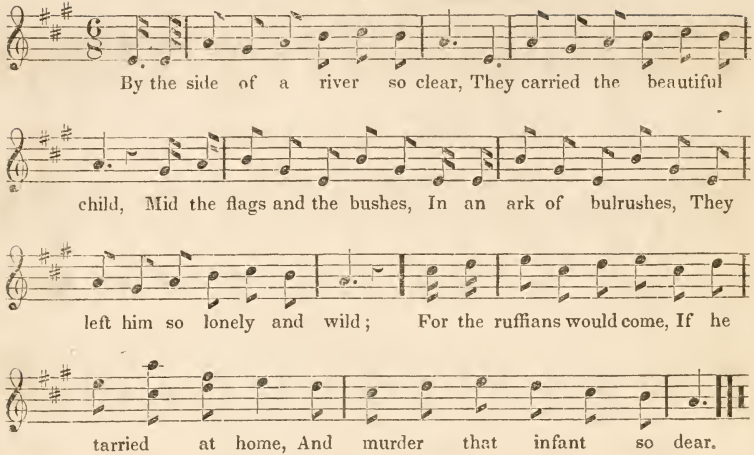
Jane saw, and gently on her breast,
The tender flow'ret placed;
When lo! a rude and angry gust
Its beauties all effaced.

Its leaves were scattered by the wind,
Its fragrance lost in air;
Till nothing there was left behind
Of all that was so fair.

Young children, like this little flower,
Though beautiful and gay,
May, in some sudden, mournful hour,
By death be borne away.

But the good child who loves to pray,
Whose sins are all forgiven,
Who loves the Saviour's will t' obey,
May live and bloom in heaven. B.

BY THE SIDE OF A RIVER.


By the side of a river so clear, They carried the beautiful
child, Mid the flags and the bushes, In an ark of bulrushes, They
left him so lonely and wild; For the ruffians would come, If he
tarried at home, And murder that infant so dear.

By the side of the river so clear,
The ladies were winding their way,
When Pharaoh's daughter
Came down to the water,
Perhaps at the close of the day.
Before it was dark,
She opened the ark,
And found a sweet infant was there.

By the side of the river so clear,
That infant was lonely and sad;
She took him in pity
And thought him so pretty,
And made little Moses so glad;
She called him her own—
Her beautiful son,
And sent for some nurse that was near

Away from the river so clear,
They carried the beautiful child
To his own tender mother,
His sister and brother,
And then he looked happy and smiled.
His mother so good,
Did all that she could
To nurse him and teach him with care.

Once more by that river so clear,
When Moses was aged and good,
He saw the king tremble,
Relent, and dissemble,
And the waters all turning to blood.
The king would abuse
And trouble the Jews,
And turn to the Lord a deaf ear.

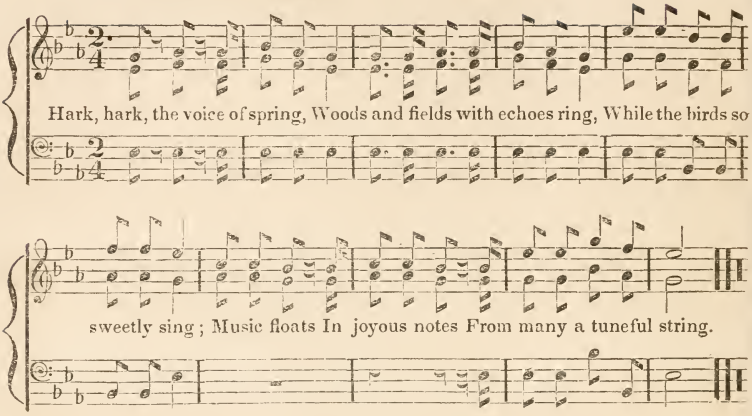
And soon by the sea that was red,
Stood Moses, the servant of God;
While in him he confided,
The deep was divided,
As upward he lifted his rod.
The Jews safely crossed,
While Pharaoh's host
Were drowned in the waters and dead.

And soon on a mountain so high,
Stood Moses, all trembling with awe,
Mid the lightnings and thunders,
And great signs and wonders,
For God was then giving his law.
The Lord wrote it down
On two tables of stone,
Before he went back to the sky.

Once more on a mountain he stood,
The last one he ever might see;
The prospect was glorious,
Where Israel victorious,
Would soon over Jordan be free.
Then his labors did cease;
He departed in peace,
And now rests in the heavenly abode.

Questions and details relating to the history of Moses are very profitable and instructive to children. Bible histories, well told, have a powerful influence upon their minds.

VOICE OF SPRING.


Hark, hark, the voice of spring, Woods and fields with echoes ring, While the birds so
sweetly sing; Music floats In joyous notes From many a tuneful string.

Hark, hark. the voice of spring;
Busy bees are on the wing,
None but drones are slumbering;
Children too
Should learn to do
Every useful thing

Hark, hark, the voice of spring;
From the flowers the breezes bring
Many a fragrant offering;
Emblem true,
Of incense due
To Zion's glorious King.

Hark, hark, the voice of spring;
Trees their branches upward fling,
Vines unto their tendrils cling;
Infant bands,
Lift up your hands,
Devoutly worshipping.

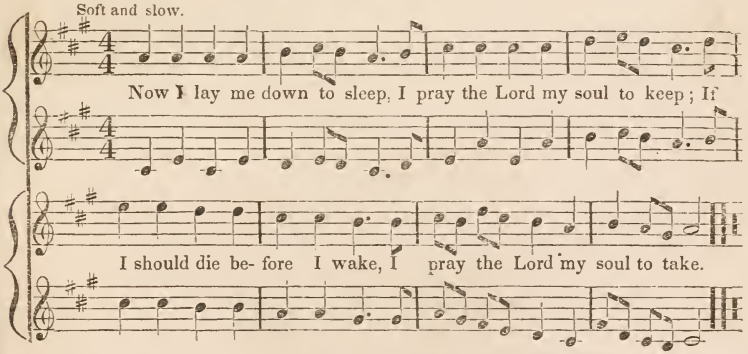
PART FOURTH.

THE ALTAR.

The music found in the preceding pages may suffice in some measure for training and exercising the voices of young children. Care should be taken that the child pronounces his words with distinctness and precision. The manner of uttering the vowels is that which gives a pleasant or unpleasant tone of voice to the singer. Properly speaking, we are never to sing the consonants, but to articulate them instantly, much as in speech, though louder and with greater precision. We sing only the vowels, and hence our manner of treating them is almost the only circumstance that gives sweetness and polish to the voice.

The music which here follows is not intended for drilling exercises. The little songs or hymns are strictly devotional; and should, as far as practicable, be accompanied with devotional associations of thought and feeling. This is a principle of unspeakable importance; and one that ought everywhere to pervade the cultivation of devotional song.

NOW I LAY ME DOWN.


Soft and slow.
Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord my soul to keep; If
I should die be- fore I wake, I pray the Lord my soul to take.

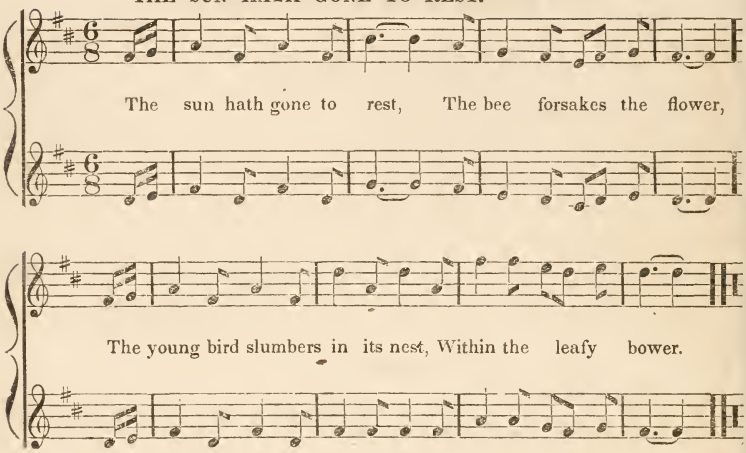
AT NIGHT.

Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take. WATTS.

IN THE MORNING.

Through the night with slumber press'd,
The Lord hath giv'n me quiet rest;
Let mercy guide me through the day,
And lead me in the narrow way.

THE SUN HATH GONE TO REST.



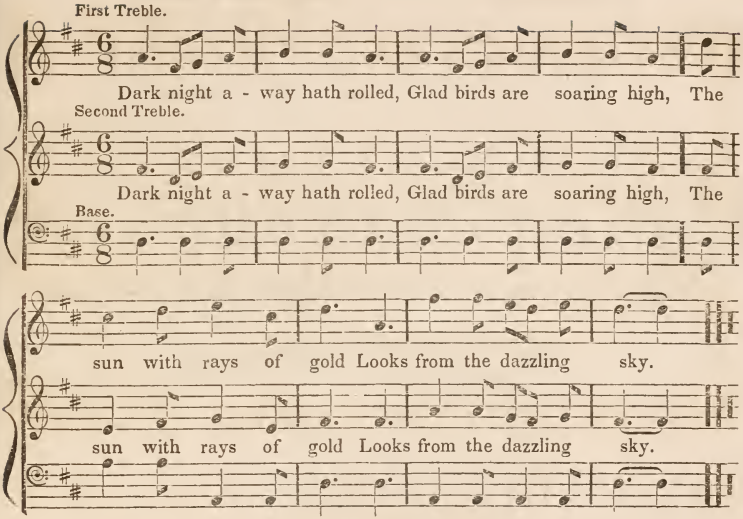
EVENING.

The sun hath gone to rest,
The bee forsakes the flower,
The young bird slumbers in its nest,
Within the leafy bower.

Where have I been this day?
Into what folly run?
Forgive me, Father, when I pray,
Through Jesus Christ thy son.

When all my days are o'er,
And in the grave I lie;
Wilt thou permit my soul to soar
To worlds beyond the sky. L. H. S.

DARK NIGHT AWAY.

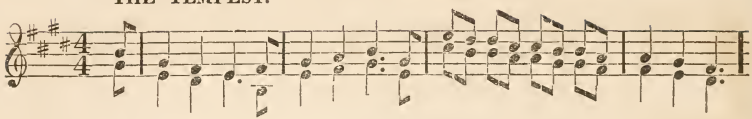
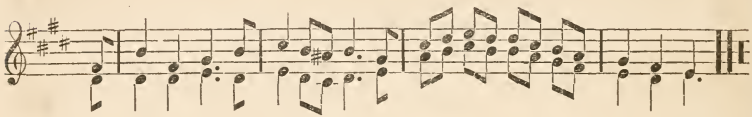

First Treble.
Dark night a - way hath rolled, Glad birds are soaring high, The
Second Treble.
Dark night a - way hath rolled, Glad birds are soaring high, The
Base.
sun with rays of gold Looks from the dazzling sky.
sun with rays of gold Looks from the dazzling sky.

MORNING.

Dark night away hath roll'd,
Glad birds are soaring high,
The sun with rays of gold
Looks from the dazzling sky.

Teach me to thank the Power,
Whose hand sustains me so;
Who o'er each fragrant flower,
Bids dews of mercy flow.

O raise my heart above,
Where angel hosts adore;
I'll praise thee for thy love,
And count thy mercies o'er. L. H. S.

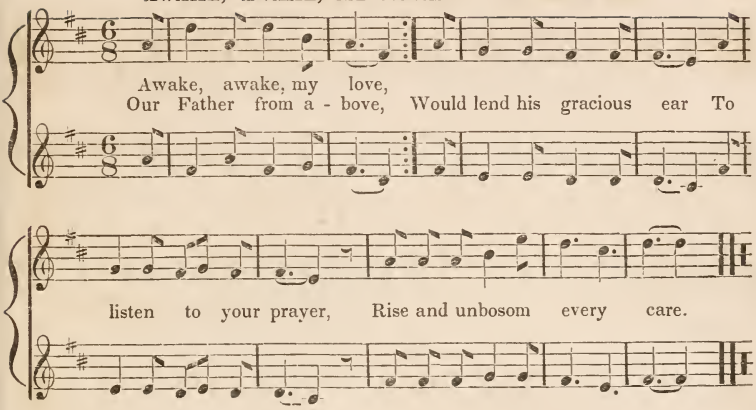
THE TEMPEST.

But there is one who dwells above,
Whose looks are bright, whose name is love,
His guardian care
Is everywhere,
And those who love him need not fear.

Such was the night in Galilee,
When the disciples on the sea,
Far from the coast,
By tempest tost,
Expected to be sunk and lost.

The Lord rebuk'd the angry seas,
And hush'd the winds and waves to peace;
He spake the word,
The tempest heard,
And own'd the power of Christ the Lord.

Then let the rain in torrents pour,
And let the winds in tumult roar;
Dark be the night,
Yet Christ my light
Around me shines in splendor bright.

AWAKE, AWAKE, MY LOVE.*


Awake, awake, my love,
Our Father from a - bove, Would lend his gracious ear To
listen to your prayer, Rise and unbosom every care.

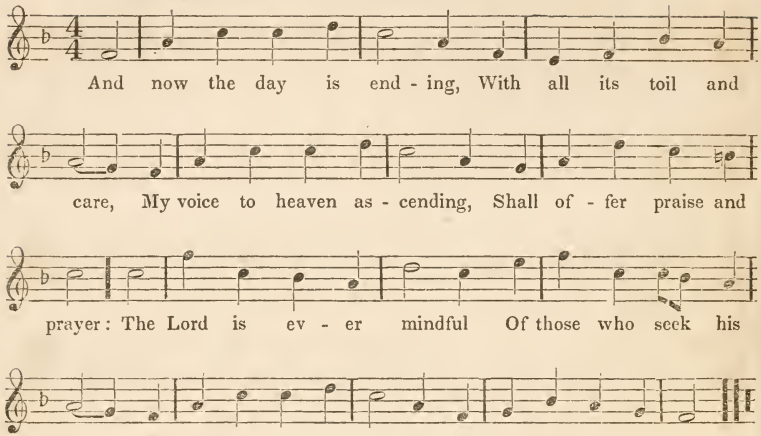
MORNING.

Awake, awake, my love,
Our Father from above,
Would lend his gracious ear
To listen to your prayer;
Rise and unbosom every care.

Awake, awake, my love,
Our Father from above,
In accents kind and mild,
Would own you as his child,
Though you're by nature all defiled.

Awake, awake, my love,
The Saviour from above
Can pardon all your sin,
And bid your soul be clean;
His blood can cleanse from every stain. H. S. M.

* The earliest morning thoughts of children should have reference to God's preserving care, &c.

AND NOW THE DAY IS ENDING.

And now the day is end - ing, With all its toil and
care, My voice to heaven as - cending, Shall of - fer praise and
prayer: The Lord is ev - er mindful Of those who seek his
face; And children weak and sinful, May feel his saving grace.

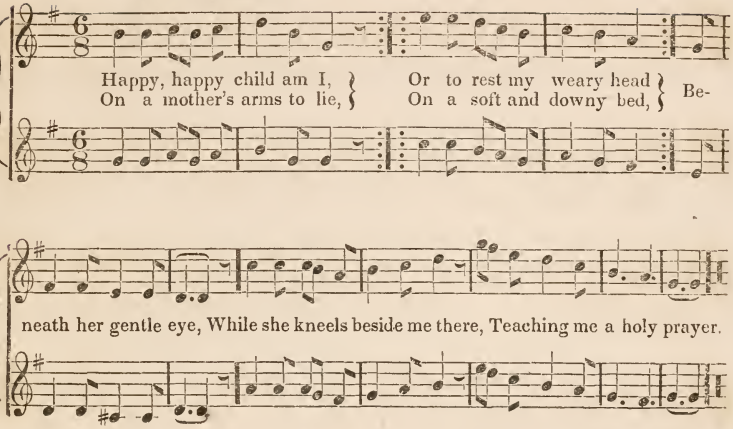
EVENING.

And now the day is ending,
With all its toil and care,
My voice to heaven ascending,
Shall offer praise and prayer:
The Lord is ever mindful
Of those who seek his face;
And children weak and sinful,
May feel his saving grace.

For all my sin and folly,
This day from morn to ev'n,
I pray the Lord most holy,
That I may be forgiv'n.
His bleeding love so precious,
I now recall to mind:
The Lord is ever gracious,
And pitiful and kind.

While I, my sins confessing,
Implore his pard'ning love:
I'll praise him for each blessing
Descending from above;
Ingratitude, so hateful—
O! keep me from that sin;
Lord, make me truly grateful,
And cleanse my soul within.

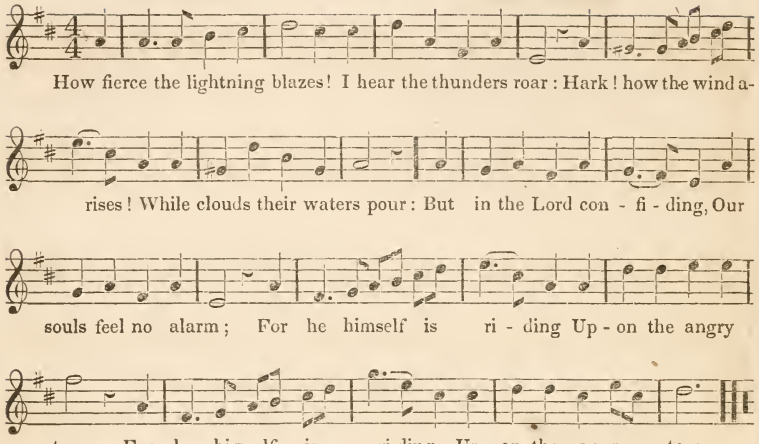
HAPPY CHILD.


Happy, happy child am I, On a mother's arms to lie,
Or to rest my weary head On a soft and downy bed,
Be-
neath her gentle eye, While she kneels beside me there, Teaching me a holy prayer.

But the little heathen child,
Naked, ignorant, and wild,
Has no home or downy bed
Where to rest his aching head,
  Or mother's arms to shield.
She no prayer of love can say;
Heathen mothers will not pray.

Blessed Saviour, now I see,
Thou art kinder far to me,
And I will not lay my head,
On my downy peaceful bed,
  Till I have prayed to thee;
Thanked thee for a mother's care,
Such as heathen never share. B.

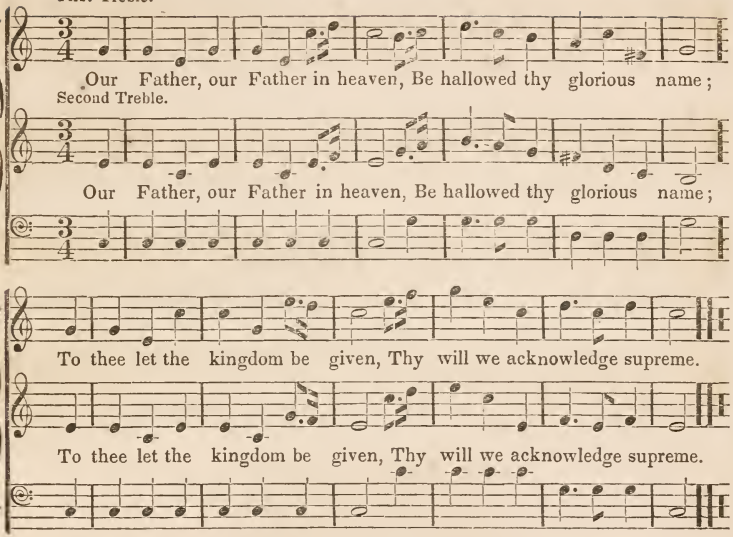
THE STORM.


How fierce the lightning blazes! I hear the thunders roar: Hark! how the wind a-
rises! While clouds their waters pour: But in the Lord con - fi - ding, Our
souls feel no alarm; For he himself is ri - ding Up - on the angry
storm; For he himself is ri-ding Up - on the angry storm.

The lightnings are his arrows,
The thunders are his voice,
Yet e'en the feeblest sparrows
May safe in him rejoice;
The clouds and winds and waters
Obey his sovereign word;
Let Zion's sons and daughters
Adore th' Almighty Lord.

When lightnings red are streaking,
A Father's arm is bared;
When thunders loud are speaking,
A Father's voice is heard:
The foes that flee before him
Can never feel his grace;
While children that adore him
Shall see his smiling face.

LORD'S PRAYER.


First Treble.
Our Father, our Father in heaven, Be hallowed thy glorious name;
Second Treble.
Our Father, our Father in heaven, Be hallowed thy glorious name;
To thee let the kingdom be given, Thy will we acknowledge supreme.
To thee let the kingdom be given, Thy will we acknowledge supreme.

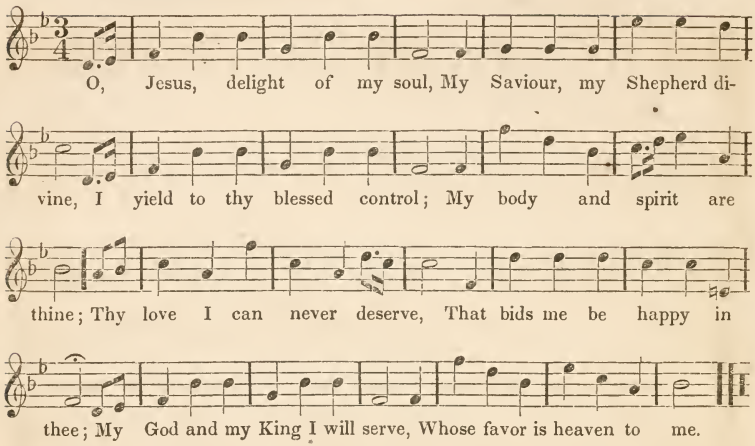
THE LORD'S PRAYER.

Our Father, our Father in heaven,
Be hallowed thy glorious name;
To thee let the kingdom be given,
Thy will we acknowledge supreme.

We would by thy bounty be fed,
By infinite mercy forgiv'n;
Nor into temptation be led,
Or into sad evils be driv'n.

For thine is the kingdom, O Lord,
The power and the glory are thine,
Be forever and ever adored
On earth as in heaven divine.

SELF-CONSECRATION.

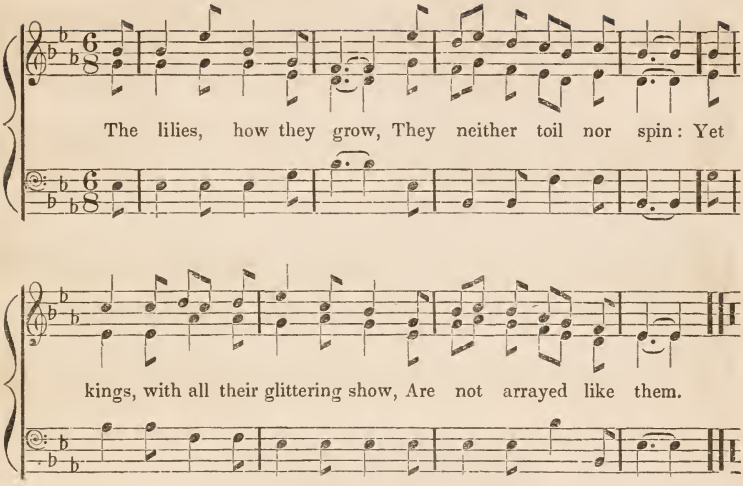

O, Jesus, delight of my soul, My Saviour, my Shepherd di-
vine, I yield to thy blessed control; My body and spirit are
thine; Thy love I can never deserve, That bids me be happy in
thee; My God and my King I will serve, Whose favor is heaven to me.

SELF-CONSECRATION.

O, Jesus, delight of my soul,
My Saviour, my Shepherd divine,
I yield to thy blessed control;
My body and spirit are thine;
Thy love I can never deserve,
That bids me be happy in thee,
My God and my King I will serve,
Whose favor is heaven to me.

How can I thy goodness repay,
By nature so weak and defiled?
Myself I have given away;
O call me thine own little child:
And art thou my Father above?
Will Jesus abide in my heart?
O bind me so fast with thy love,
That I never from thee shall dep

THE LILIES.

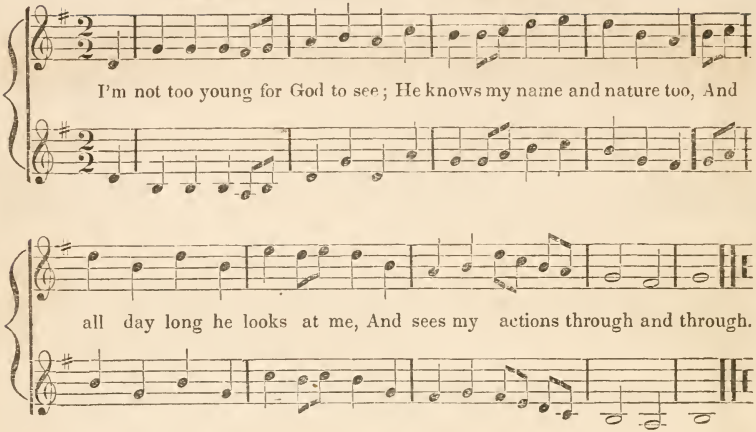


If God so clothe the grass,
That lives but for a day,
O how much more will he clothe us?
Then cast your fears away.

The birds that wing the air
Do neither sow nor reap,
And neither house nor barn prepare,
Yet God provides them meat.

Our value far exceeds
The sparrows, in his view:
If his kind hand supplies their needs,
Then he will feed us too. *My Little Hymn Book.*

"I'M NOT TOO YOUNG." L. M.


I'm not too young for God to see; He knows my name and nature too, And
all day long he looks at me, And sees my actions through and through.

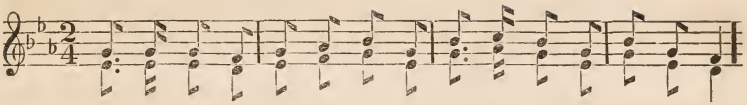
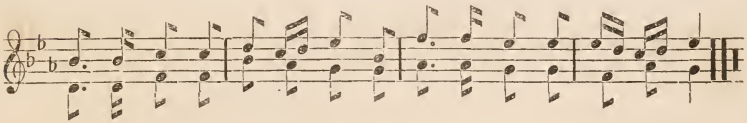
I'm not too young for God to see;
He knows my name and nature too;
And all day long he looks at me,
And sees my actions through and through.

He listens to the words I say;
He knows the thoughts I have within;
And whether I'm at work or play
He 's sure to see it, if I sin.

If some good minister is near,
It makes us careful what we do:
And how much more we ought to fear
The Lord, who sees us through and through.

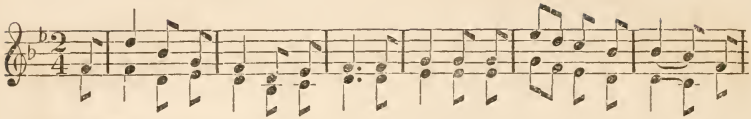
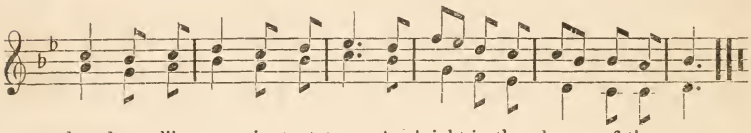
Thus when I want to do amiss,
However pleasant it may be,
I'll always try to think of this,
I'm not too young for God to see. *My Little Hymn Book.*

TENDER SHEPHERD.

Not too quick.

Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me!
Bless thy little lambs to-night!
Through the darkness be thou near me,
Watch my sleep till morning light.

All this day thy hand has led me,
And I thank thee for thy care;
Thou hast clothed me, warmed and fed me,
Listen to my evening prayer.

Let my sins be all forgiven;
Bless the friends I love so well;
Take me, when I die, to heaven,
Happy there with thee to dwell. *Mrs. M. L. D.*

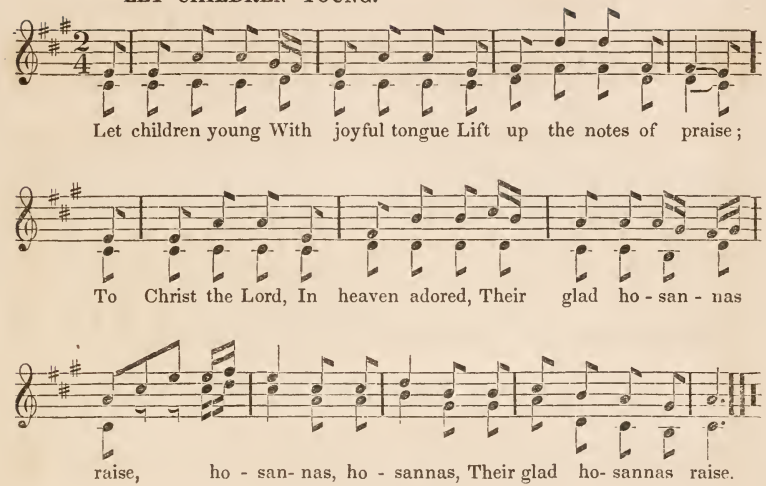
THE MORNING.



How beauteous the morning appears,
The woodlands their songs have begun
The dew-drops, like penitent tears,
Are bright in the beams of the sun.

The landscape is verdant and gay,
The meadows in richness are clad,
The flocks and the herds are at play,
And the heart of the peasant is glad.

How gently the waterfall pours,
How softly the breezes arise,
How fragrant the opening flowers
Which spring in her beauty supplies!

All nature is smiling in peace,
The goodness of God she displays ;
As mercies around us increase,
Let us join in the anthems of praise.

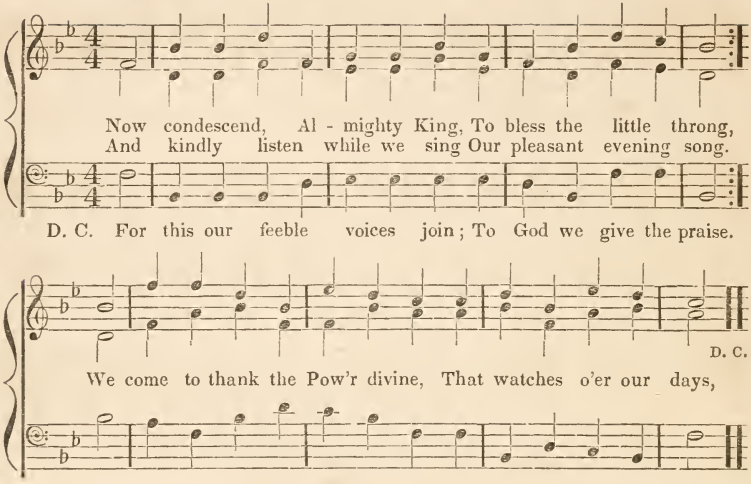
LET CHILDREN YOUNG.

Let children young With joyful tongue Lift up the notes of praise;
To Christ the Lord, In heaven adored, Their glad ho - san - nas
raise, ho - san- nas, ho - sannas, Their glad ho- sannas raise.

He bids thee come,
Nor longer roam
Where youthful folly lies;
But seek his love
Who dwells above,
Where high hosannas rise.
Hosannas, &c.

They who believe
Shall grace receive,
And in his presence dwell;
They'll sing in heaven
Of sins forgiven,
And loud hosannas swell.
Hosannas, &c.

Ye children now
To Jesus bow,
Your Saviour and your King;
Seek here below
His love to know,
And loud hosannas sing. Hosannas, &c.

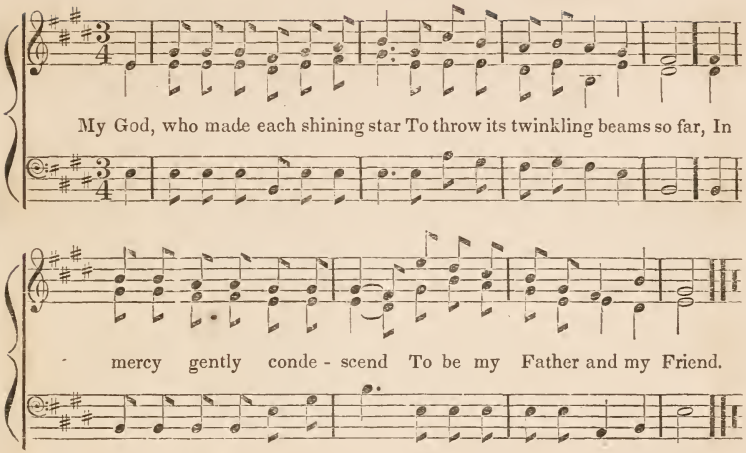
LUCERNE. C. M. D. Air by Rev. C. H


Now condescend, Al - mighty King, To bless the little throng,
And kindly listen while we sing Our pleasant evening song.
D. C. For this our feeble voices join; To God we give the praise.
D. C.
We come to thank the Pow'r divine, That watches o'er our days,

Now condescend, Almighty King,
To bless the little throng,
And kindly listen while we sing
Our pleasant evening song.
We come to thank the Pow'r divine,
That watches o'er our days,
For this our feeble voices join;
To God we give the praise.

May we in safety sleep to-night,
From every danger free,
For, Lord, the darkness and the light
Are both alike to thee.
And when the rising sun displays
His cheering beams abroad,
Then may our grateful morning lays
Declare the love of God. ANON.

ADOPTION.


My God, who made each shining star To throw its twinkling beams so far, In
mercy gently conde - scend To be my Father and my Friend.

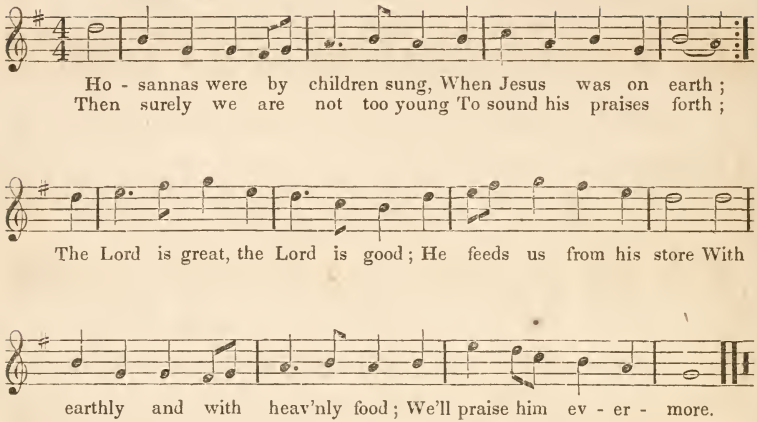
My God, who made each shining star
To throw its twinkling beams so far,
In mercy gently condescend
To be my Father and my Friend.

Art thou my Father? let me be
A meek, obedient child to thee;
And try in word and deed and thought
To serve and please thee as I ought.

Art thou my Father? I'll depend
Upon the care of such a Friend,
And only wish to do and be
Whatever seemeth good to thee

Art thou my Father? Then at last
When all my days on earth are pass'd,
Send down and take me, in thy love,
To be thy better child above. *My Little Hymn Book.*

HOSANNA.

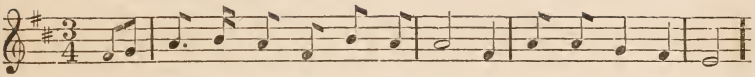

Ho - sannas were by children sung, When Jesus was on earth ;
Then surely we are not too young To sound his praises forth ;
The Lord is great, the Lord is good ; He feeds us from his store With
earthly and with heav'nly food ; We'll praise him ev - er - more.

And when to him young children came,
He took them in his arms ;
He blessed them in his Father's name,
And spoke with heav'nly charms :
We thank him for his gracious word,
We thank him for his love ;
We'll sing the praises of our Lord,
Who reigns in heaven above.

Before he left this world of woe,
On Calvary he died ;
His blood for us did freely flow
Forth from his wounded side :
O, then we'll magnify his name,
Who groaned and died for us ;
We'll worship the atoning Lamb,
And kneel before his cross.

He rose again and walked abroad,
And many saw his face :
They called him th' incarnate God,
Redeemer of our race :
He rose and he ascended high,
We'll bow to his command ;
His glories fill the earth and sky,
He sits at God's right hand.

MIDDLETOWN. C. M.



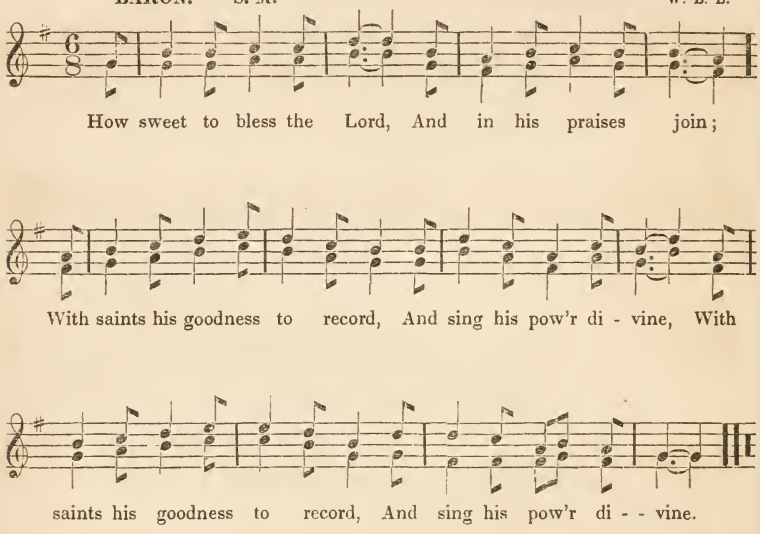
How sweet and heav'nly is the sight,
When those that fear the Lord,
In mutual love and peace unite,
And thus fulfil his word.

When each can feel his brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part;
When sorrow flows from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart.

When love in one delightful stream,
Through every bosom flows;
And union sweet and fond esteem
In ev'ry action glows.

Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above,
And he's an heir of heaven that finds
His bosom filled with love.

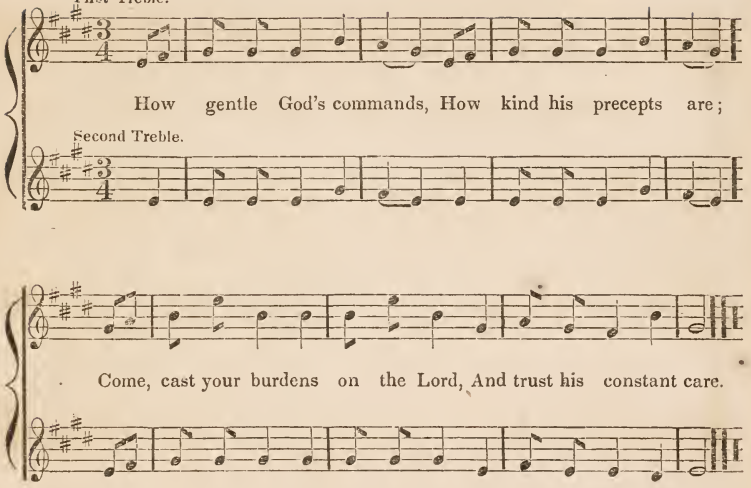
BARON. S. M. W. B. B.


How sweet to bless the Lord, And in his praises join;
With saints his goodness to record, And sing his pow'r di - vine, With
saints his goodness to record, And sing his pow'r di - - vine.

How sweet to bless the Lord,
And in his praises join;
With saints his goodness to record,
And sing his pow'r divine.

These seasons of delight
The dawn of glory seem,
Like rays of pure celestial light
Which on our spirits beam.

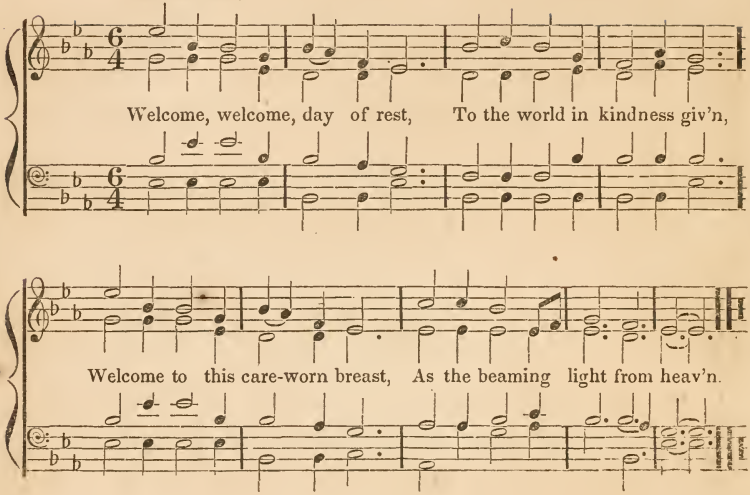
HOW GENTLE.


First Treble.
How gentle God's commands, How kind his precepts are;
Second Treble.
Come, cast your burdens on the Lord, And trust his constant care.

How gentle God's commands,
How kind his precepts are;
Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,
And trust his constant care.

His goodness stands approved
Down to the present day;
I'll drop my burden at his feet,
And bear a song away.

WELCOME, WELCOME. 7s.


Welcome, welcome, day of rest, To the world in kindness giv'n,
Welcome to this care-worn breast, As the beaming light from heav'n.

Day of soft and sweet repose,
Gently now thy moments run,
As the peaceful streamlet flows
Radiant with a summer's sun.

Day of tidings from the skies,
Day of solemn praise and prayer,
Day to make the simple wise,
O how great thy blessings are!

Welcome, welcome, day of rest,
With thy influ'nce all divine;
May thy hallowed hours be blest
To this feeble heart of mine.

Juvenilia